OVID'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

Englished by *W. S.*

Veniam pro laude peto.
——nunc mitibus
Mutare Quæro Tristia.

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OVID'S

HEROICAL

EPISTLES.

To the Virtuous

LADIES,

AND

GENTLEWOMEN

OF

ENGLAND.

YOur beauties (Ladies and Gentlewomen) are but types and ſhadows of the beauty of your virtuous minds, which is diſcerned by Noble and Courteous actions. I may therefore preſume that Ovid's *Heroical Epiſtles, chiefly tranſlated for your ſakes, ſhall find a gentle acceptance, ſutable to your Heroical diſpoſitions: for Courteſie & Ingenuity are the companions of Gentility. But thoſe who claim this Title, and are de-*

graded of it by their own vitious qualities, Ovid disclaims them. Virtue is an invisible gift, which is not discerned by the outward habit, but by speech and action, and a certain delectation in virtue, as Modesty, Temperance, and especially courtesie; to which Ovid doth appeal. For when Rome knew him famous, he was esteemed of Love and Ladies, so that he was fain to shadow the ambitious love of the Emperous daughter towards him under the vail of Corynna, but the Emperour saw through it, and banished him. Besides, these Epistles, in regard of their subject, have just relation to you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the complaint of Ladies and Gentlewomen for the absence of their Lovers; And that their sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table prefixed, and adjoyning to the Book, pre-

senting

senting the several Pictures of the Arguments of the Epistles. So much concerning the work, and the Author Ovid. *Now you expect a complement for the Dedication.*

Ladies and Gentlewomen, since this Book of *Ovid*'s which most Gentlemen could read before in Latine, is for your sakes come forth in English, it doth at first address it self a Suitor, to wooe your acceptance, that it may kiss your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading sweetned by the odour of your breath, while the dead Letters form'd into words by your divided Lips, may receive new life by your passionate expression, and the words married in that Ruby-coloured Temple, may thus happily united, multiply your contentment. And in a word let this be

A Servant with you to *Lady* Virtue.
Wye Saltonstall.

To the Virtuous

LADIES,

AND

GENTLEWOMEN

OF

Great Britain.

OF all the Poets, that in Verſe did raign
As Monarchs, none could equal Ovid's
Eſpecially in the affairs of Love,)*ſtrain*;
Ovid *the Maſter of that Art did prove:*
His fancies were ſo pleaſing and ſo ſweet,
That Love did wiſh no other winding ſheet,
If he had mortal been, for he would die
To live again in his ſweet Poeſie.
When he intended to inflame the mind,
Or ſhew how Lovers proved too unkind,
As in theſe Epiſtles, where Ladies bemoan
Themſelves, when their unkind lovers were gone
He doth ſo mournfully expreſs their paſſion,
In ſuch a loving, and a lively faſhion,

That

That reading them grief will not let you ſpeak,
Until impriſon'd tears from your eyes break;
Such paſſions in his Letters do appear,
That every word will make you drop a tear.
But you fair Gentlewomen of this Iſle,
He would have you to glance one gentle ſmile.
On his Epiſtles, ſtil'd Heroical,
Becauſe by Lords and Ladies written all.
You know that Love is the hearts pleaſant tamer,
Whoſe motto is this, Omnia vincit Amor:
For he can with his lighted Torch inflame
Aſſoon the Lord and Lady, as the Swain.
If then you hope to be happy in Love,
If other ſorrows may your pity move,
If you the complaints of fair Ladies tender,
Which Engliſh doth for your contentment render
Unto you view, let theſe Epiſtles here,
Enjoy your beauteous, favour, ſhining clear
On Ovid, *belov'd by th' Emperours daughter,*
For which by Cæſar *he was baniſht after;*
Yet this his comfort was in Baniſhment,
His Love, and Lines, did yield your ſex content:
Let Engliſh Gentlewomen as kind appear
To Ovid, *as the Roman Ladies were.*

So wiſheth, *Wye Saltonſtall.*

THE INDEX.

A

Abydos a City in *Asia*, Ep. 17
Achelous a river of *Etolia*, 9
Achilles son of *Peleus* & *Thetis*, Ep. 3
Acontius signifies an Arrow, Ep. 19, 20
Acteon beheld *Diana* bathing her self, and was transformed into a Stag, Ep. 20
Ætna, a burning Mountain, Ep. 21
Adonis the son of *Cinyras*, Ep. 4
Ægyptus brother to *Belus*, Ep. 14
Æneas son to *Anchises* and *Venus*, Ep. 7.
Æolus King of the winds, Ep. 10
Æthra, Ep. 16
Agamemnon Prince of the *Gretians*, Ep 3
Ajax, Ep 3
Alcions, Sea-Birds, Ep. 17
Alecto, one of the Furies Ep. 2
Androgeus, *Minos* son. Ep. 10
Andromache, *Hectors* wife, Ep. 5
Antilochus, E. 1
Apollo God of *Poetry*, *Physick*, and *Musick*, Ep. 5, 6
Ariadne, Ep. 10.
Ariadnes Crown, a Constellation, Ep. 17
Ascanius son to *Æneas*, Ep. 7
Athens a famous University, E. 2
Atlas, a Mountain, Ep. 10
Atreus son to *Pelops*, Ep. 10
Aurora, or the morning, Ep. 4

B

Briseis a captive *Virgin* taken by *Achilles*, Ep. 3

C

Cacus a Gyant, Ep. 9
Canace Sister to *Macareus*, Ep. 11
Carthage a City of *Lybia*, Ep. 7
Cassandra a Propheteſs who foretold the deſtruction of *Troy*,

Troy, Ep. 15
Cephalus, signifies the head, E. 4.
Cerberus, Porter of Hell, Ep. 9 10
Ceres, Goddess of Corn and Plenty, Ep. 2
Carybdis, a rocky Gulf, Ep. 12
Colchos, where the Golden Fleece was kept, Ep. 6
Corinth, a City, Ep. 12
Clymene, waiting maid to *Helena*, Ep 16.
Crete, an Island, Ep. 16
Cynthia, or the Moon, Ep. 17

D

Dedalus, who made himself and his son *Icarus* wings to fly withall, Ep. 17
Daphne turned into a Lawrel-tree, Ep. 21
Deianira, Daughter to *Oeneus* King of *Caledon*, Ep. 9
Deiphobus, or fearing the Gods, Ep. 5
Delos an Island, it signifies manifest or clear, from δῆλος or δηλόω.
Deucalion, who with his Wife Pyrrha survived after the general Deluge, Ep. 2
Demoophoon, signifies a light to the people by his exemplary Vertues, Ep. 2.
Diana, called *Lucina*, Ep. 19
Dido, signifies to fear, Ep. 7
Dolon, Ep. 1

E

Elisa, or *Dido*, Ep. 7
Elysian, *Elysium* was a fain'd place of joy for the dead, E. 3
Endymion was beloved of the Moon, Ep. 17
Eurysthеus King of the *Mycenians*, Ep. 9
Erynnis, a *Fury*.
Europa, signifies fair faced, from whom the chiefest part of the world is called *Europa*, Ep. 4.

H

Hemeus, a Mountain of *Thrace*, Ep. 12
Hector, the valiantest of all the *Trojans*, Ep. 1.
Helena, wife to *Menelaus*, Ep. 3
Hellespont, or the Sea wherein *Helle* drowned, 7, 8
Hercules begot by *Jupiter* in Three nights on *Alcmena* in the shape of *Amphytrio*, Ep. 9
Hermione, Ep 8
Hydra, a Monster whose fruitful heads would grow as they were lopped off, Ep. 9

Hero, or a Noble *Heroical* Lady, Ep. 17
Hymen, the God of Marriage, Ep. 2
Hypermneſtra, Wife to *Linus*, Ep. 14
Hippolytus was torn in pieces by by his horſes, Ep. 7
Hypſiphile Queen of *Lemnos*, Ep. 6.

I

Jaſon ſon to *Æſon*, Ep. 6
Icareus Penelopes Father, *Icarus*, 17
Ideas, or *Trojan*, Ep. 9
Iole Hercules's Miſtreſs, Ep. 9
Iſthmus, a neck of Land joyning two Continents together having the Sea beating on both ſides, Ep. 4
Juno, *Jupiters* Queen, E. 5

L

Lacedamon, a City in *Greece* Ep. 15
Laertes, Ep. 1
Laodamia, Ep. 13
Leander ſignifies a Lion-hearted man, Ep. 17
Linus, husband to *Hypermneſtra*, Ep 14
Lucina, the Goddeſs of Childbirth, Ep. 5.

M

Macareus brother to *Canace*, Ep. 11
Meander, a crooked winding River, Ep. 7
Medea, a Sorcereſs beloved by *Jaſon*, Ep. 12
Menelaus ſignifies the envy or ſcorn of the people, he was *Helena's* husband, Ep. 5
Minotaur, a Monſter which by *Dædalus* Art *Paſiphae* had by a Bull, while *Minos* was at the *Athenian* Wars, hence it was called a *Minotaur*, Ep. 10

N

Nectar, the drink of the Gods, Ep. 15
Neptune, the God of the Sea, E. 2
Nereides, Sea Nymphs, Ep. 5
Neſtor lived three ages, Ep. 1
Nilus, a River of *Egypt*, Ep. 14

O

Oechalia, a City, Ep. 9
Oenone, a Nymph, Ep. 5
Oreſtes ſon to *Agamemnon*, and *Clytemneſtra*, Ep. 8
Orythia, beloved of *Boreas*, Ep. 17

P

Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom, Ep. 4
Paris, son to *Priam*, and *Hecuba*, Ep. 5, 15
Parnassus, the Muses Mountain, Ep. 19
Pasiphae, a lustful wanton woman, Ep. 4
Patroclus, signifies the honour of his Father, he was son to *Menætius*, and having put on *Achilles* Armour, was slain in fight by *Hector*, Ep. 3
Penelope, *Ulysses* wife, Ep. 1
Pirithous, a faithful friend to *Theseus*, Ep. 4
Phædra, sister to *Ariadne*, daughter to *Minos*, Ep. 4
Philis, from φύλλα leaves, or from *Phylla*, signifying in Greek an Almond-tree, E. 2
Phaon, a fair young man, E. 21
Pyrrha Deucalions wife, Ep. 21
Polyphemus, Ep. 1. *Sab.* 2 *Gyant.*
Pygmalion brother to *Dido*, Ep. 7
Protesilaus, signifies the chief among the people; he landing first on the *Trojans* ground, was slain by *Hector*, Ep. 10
Pylos, a City in *Messenia* where *Nelcos Nestors* Father reigned, Ep. 1
Pyrrhus, the son of *Achilles*, Ep. 3, 8

R

Rhodope, a Mountain of *Thrace*, Ep. 2

S

Sappho, a wanton witty woman, Ep. 27
Scylla, a rocky gulf, Ep. 12
Sestos, a City in *Europe*, Ep. 1
Simoeis, a *Trojan* River, Ep. 1
Sparta, a City of *Greece*, Ep. 1
Sycheus, *Hercules* Priest, and *Dido's* husband, Ep. 7

T

Tantalus, who stood in Hell to the chin in water, yet could not drink, Ep. 15
Telemachus, *Ulysses* son, Ep. 1
Theseus, son of *Ægeus*, Ep. 2
Thetis, Queen of the Sea, E. 19
Tisiphone, one of the Furies, Ep. 2.
Tlepolemus, Ep. 1
Tybris, a River of *Italy*.
Tyresias, a Prophet, who told *Juno* that feminine pleasure exceeded masculine in acts of

of *Venus*, Ep. 1. Sab.

V

Vlysses, a valiant Græcian, Ep. 17

Z

Zone, or girdle, because the brides girdles was untied by the bridegroom, on her wedding night, Ep. 2.

Carmen instar mille
Laude laudantium
Non indiget Authoris carmen non desit Amici:
Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author opus.

This Author needs not owe any friend
For Verses in his praise:
The Author doth his work commend,
And his work gives him Bayes.

OVID'S EPISTLES.

LIB. I.

The Argument of the first Epistle.

WHen the Grecians *went with a great Army to* Troy, *to revenge the rape of* Helena. Ulysses *the Son of* Laertes *and Anticlea, took such delight in his young wife* Penelope, *that he counterfeited himself mad, thereby to enjoy her, and absent himself from the wars.*

But

But Palamedes *discovering his purpose, he was compelled to go with the rest in the* Trojan *voyage. Where he sought many brave combats, and after the destruction of* Troy, *which had been ten years besieged, intending to return to his own Country, he took ship with other Grecian Princes, but through* Minerva's *displeasure, they were scattered and divided by such a violent tempest, that* Ulysses *wandred ten years more before he returned. So that his wife* Penelope, *having lived chastly in his absence, and not knowing what hindred his coming home, writes this Epistle unto him, wherein she perswades him by many reasons to return to his own Country.*

PENELOPE *to* ULYSSES.

MY dear *Ulysses*, thy *Penelope*
Doth send this Letter to complain of thee,
Who dost so long from me unkindly stay:
Write nothing back, but come thy self away.
For *Troy* now level with the ground is laid,
Which was envy'd by every Grecian maid.
Yet neither *Troy*, nor *Priams* wealth could be
Worth half so much, as thy good company.
O! *I* could wish that *Paris* had been drown'd,
When his ship was to *Lacedemon* bound.
Then had not *I* lain cold in bed alone,
Nor yet complain'd that time runs slowly on;
Nor yet to pass away the winters night
Had *I* sat spinning then by candle-light,
Fore-casting in what dangers thou might'st be;
And such as were not like to trouble thee,
Thinking on perils more than ever were,
For love is always full of careful fear.
The *Trojans* now, thought I, do thee assail;
At *Hector's* name my cheeks with fear grew pale:
And when I heard *Antilochus* was slain,
By *Hector*, then my tears renew'd again.

And

And hearing how that *Patrocius* being clad
In *Achilles* armour, such ill fortune had,
That *Hector* slew him in that false disguise,
The sad report drew tears out of mine eyes.
Or when I of *Tlepolemus* did hear,
Who with his blood bedew'd *Sarpedons* spear,
Tlepolemus death doth then my cares renew,
And I began straight way to think of you.
And lastly, if I heard abroad by fame,
That any of the Grecian side were slain,
My heart for fear of thee was far more cold
Than any Ice, when such bad news was told.
But the just Gods to us more kind do prove,
And more indulgent to our chaster love.
For stately *Troy* is unto ashes burn'd;
But my *Ulysses* lives, though not return'd.
The Grecian Captains are come home again,
The Altars do with joyful incense flame;
And all the Barbarous spoils which they did take,
Unto our Country gods they consecrate.
The love of wives is to their husbands shown
By gifts, which for their safe returning home,
Unto the Gods with grateful minds they bring;
While their husbands songs of *Troy*'s destruction sing,
Old men, and trembling maids do both desire,
To hear the tale of *Troy*, which they admire,
And wives do hearken with a kind of joy
To their husbands talking of the siege of *Troy*.
And some now do upon their table draw,
The picture of those fierce wars which they saw;
And with a little wine before pour'd down
Can lively paint the model of *Troy* town,
Here's *Simois* flood, here's the *Sigean* land,
And here did *Priams* lofty Palace stand.

Here did *Achilles* pitch his glittering Tents,
And here *Ulysses* kept his Regiments.
Here in this place did valiant *Hector* fall,
Whose body was drag'd round about the wall
Of *Troy*, to shew the enemies despite:
Putting the framing Horses in a fright.
For whatsoever in those wars was done,
Old *Nestor* did relate unto thy son,
Whom I had sent forth to enquire of thee,
And he did bring home all these news to me:
Bringing me tydings how *Dolon* by name,
And *Rhesus* by thy Sword at once were slain.
While th' one of them in his dead sleep was kill'd,
And th' others blood by treachery was spill'd,
And thou amongst thy other bold attempts
By night didst set upon the *Thracian* Tents.
Slaying so many men; how couldst thou be
So adventurous if thou hadst remembred me?
And of thy other victories I did hear,
My heart did burn within my brest for fear,
But what although thy valour did confound
Troy; and did raze the walls unto the ground?
Shall I, as if *Troy* were besieg'd, still be
A widow wanting thy sweet company?
That *Troy* doth stand I only find alone,
Others rejoyce that it is overthrown.
Whose fruitful fields the conquering Grecians now,
Do with the *Trojan* Oxen daily plough,
For now ripe corn doth grow where *Troy* once stood,
And all the ground is fat with *Trojan* blood.
The crooked plough doth graze as it goes by
Upon mens bones, which there half buried lie;
So that they plough up bones as well as land,
And grass doth grow where houses once did stand.

Yet having waſted *Troy*, thou keep'ſt away;
Nor do I know what moveth thee to ſtay,
Nor can by any means learn in what part
Of all the world thou (moſt unkindeſt) art.
If any ſhip unto our ſhore doth come
Then to enquire of thee I ſtraight do run;
And to the ſhip-maſter a Letter give,
To deliver unto thee if thou doſt live;
Charging if that it be his chance to ſee
Ulyſſes, he ſhould give it unto thee.
I ſent to *Pylos*, where *Neſtor* did reign,
But from *Pylos* heard no news again:
I ſent unto the *Spartans* who could tell
No tidings of thee, or where thou didſt dwell.
O would that *Troy* were ſtanding now again,
For whoſe deſtruction I did pray in vain!
If thou wert at the wars, I ſhould know where
Thou wert, and of thy ſafety ſtand in fear.
And other women might with me complain,
Becauſe their Husbands came not home again.
To grieved minds this may ſome comfort be,
To have companions in adverſitie.
I know not what to fear, yet all things fear;
My cares and ſorrows never greater were
Thinking what dangers by ſea and land may
Enforce thee 'gainſt thy will from me to ſtay.
While thus my fond affection doth excuſe thee;
Perhaps thou in requital doſt abuſe me.
For I do fear thy fancy loves to rove,
And that thou haſt ſome ſweet-heart thou doſt love
In forrain Countries; nay, and it may be
That thou doſt wooe her by diſgracing me,
Telling her that thy Wife's a Country *Jone*,
That knoweth only how to ſpin at home.

But of my hard belief I do repent.
I hope thou art not willingly absent.
My father *Icarus* would not have me stay
A widow still; but chideth my delay:
But let him chide, *Penelope* will be
A constant wife *Ulysses* unto thee.
But though I do by fair entreaty still
Prevail so much that I do change his will,
Or alter it, so that he's not enclin'd
To use a Fathers power to force my mind:
The *Dulichians*, and the *Samians* come to woo me,
And the *Zacynthians* often come unto me:
And of foreign suiters such a wanton crue
Do haunt me, that I know not what to do.
Who in thy Palace do most freely raign,
Wasting those goods, which thou before didst gain.
Pisandrus, *Polybus*, and *Medon* too,
Eurimachus and *Antinous* come to woo
Me, and in thy absence do consume and eat
That estate thou didst gain by blood and sweat.
Poor *Irus* and *Melanthius* that doth feed
His sheep, are suiters too, and hope to speed.
And all thy household here doth but consist;
Of three, that are too weak for to resist;
Namely *Laertes*, who is spent and done,
Thy wife; and young *Telemachus* thy Son,
Whom I had almost lost, while that he went,
To the City *Pylos* without our consent.
And when the fates our time of death assign,
May his hand close up both thy eyes and mine;
Our Oxe-herd, Swine-herd, and our old Nurse, are
All of one mind, and do make the same prayer:
And how can o'd *Laertes* power restrain
Those wanton Suiters which at home do raign?

Telemachus in time will grow more ſtrong,
His Father now ſhould keep him from all wrong.
I have no ſtrength to drive theſe Suiters hence,
Then come thou home, and be thy own defence.
Think on thy ſon to whom thou ſhouldſt impart
Inſtruction, that may ſeaſon his young heart.
Think on *Laertes*, come and cloſe his eyes
Who in his old age even bed-rid lyes.
And think on me, for when thou wentſt from home,
Full young was I, but now an old wife grown.

The Argument of the second Epistle.

DEmophoon, *the son of* Theseus *and* Phædra *returning home from the* Trojan *wars, was driven by a tempest into* Thrace, *where* Phyllis *the daughter of* Lycurgus *and* Cruslumena, *being the Queen of* Thrace, *gave him courteous entertainment, both at board and bed: but when he had staid a while with her, as soon as he heard that* Menestheus *was dead, who had expulst his Father* Theseus *out of the City of* Athens, *and assumed the government to himself, he being desirous to regain his Kingdom, desired leave of* Phyllis *to go and settle his affairs,*

promising

promising her within one month to return again: and so having made ready his ships, he sails to Athens, *and tarries there. Whereupon after four months were past,* Phyllis *writes this Epistle, perswading him to be faithful unto her, and to remember her kindness, and his own promise, which if he neglects to do, she threatens to kill her self, and so revenge the violation of her Maiden chastity.*

PHILLIS *to* DEMOPHOON.

PHyllis that did so kindly entertain
Thee, O *Demophoon*, must of thee complain;
Before the Moons sharp horns were once grown round,
Thou didst promise to land on the *Thracian* ground;
But now four Moons are chang'd, four months are past,
And yet thy ship is not return'd at last:
If thou dost count the time, which we that are
In love do strictly reckon with great care;
Thou having broke thy promise needs must say,
That my complaint comes not before the day.
My fears were slow, for we do slowly give
Credence to those things we would not believe.
Which made me for thy sake even falsly fain
That the North-wind drove back thy sails again,
Sometimes I fear'd lest that in *Hebrus* found
Thy ship might in those shallow waves be drown'd,
Oft I besought the gods for thy return,
And on their Altars did sweet incense burn.
When the wind stood fair, I said to my self,
Sure he will come now, if he be in health.
My faithful love was witty to invent
Something that might still hinder thy intent.
But yet thou stayest, nor can thy promise move
Thee to return, nor yet our former love.
But I perceive, *Demophoon*, by thy stay,
One wind did drive thy ship and faith away.

Thy Ship returns not which make me complain,
That all thy faithful promises were vain.
What have I done? Alas I rashly lov'd thee!
And yet this fault to pity might have mov'd thee.
I entertain'd thee, this was all my fault,
Yet this offence might have been kindness thought.
Where's thy faith, thy hand which thou didst give me,
And oaths thou sworest to make me believe thee?
Swearing by *Hymen* that thou wouldst not tarry,
But come again and thy poor *Phyllis* marry.
And by the rugged Sea hast often swore,
Which thou hast and wilt fail often o're?
And by *Neptune* thy great Uncle, who with ease
Can calm the raging of the angry seas:
By *Juno* who in marriages delights,
And by torch-bearing *Ceres* mystick rites.
Should all these Gods revenge thy perjuries,
Which are high treasons to their Majesties;
And I should all punish thee with one consent,
Thou couldst not sure indure their punishment.
To rig and mend thy Ships I care did take,
And in requital thou didst me forsake,
I gave thee opportunity to run
Away, 'tis I that have my self undone.
I did believe thy fair and gentle words,
Of which the falsest heart most store affords,
And because thou didst come of a good descent,
I did believe thou hadst a good intent;
I did believe thy tears: and hast thou taught
Thy tears to be as false as was thy thought?
O yes, thy tears would flow with cunning Art,
When thou didst bid them to disguise thy heart.
Thy vows and promises I did believe,
And any of those shows might me deceive.

Nor am I griev'd because I entertain'd thee,
Such kindness shew'd to thee could not have sham'd me
But I repent, because to add more height
Unto thy entertainment, I one night
Did suffer thee to come into my Bed,
Where thou didst rob me of my Maiden-head,
Would I had dy'd before that fatal night,
Wherein I yielded thee so much delight,
For if I had not thus my self betray'd,
Then *Phyllis* might have liv'd and dy'd a Maid.
But I did hope that thou more constant wart,
" That hope is just which springeth from desert.
For I did know I had deserv'd thy love,
Which made me hope that thou wouldst faithful prove.
It is no glory to deceive a Maid,
Since she deserveth pity that's betray'd
By her kind heart, and hath too soon believ'd,
For thus poor *Phyllis* was by thee deceiv'd
And 'stead of other praises may they say,
That this was he that did a Maid betray;
When thy statue shall be in the City plac'd
With thy fathers, which is with high titles grac'd,
When they shall read how valiant *Theseus* slew
Those cruel thieves, and also did subdue
The *Minotaure*, and did the *Thebans* tame,
And Centaures that by him were also slain:
And lastly, when th' Inscription shall relate
How he went to Hell and knockt at *Pluto*'s gate;
This title shall ye on thy statue read,
" This man deceiv'd his love, and from her fled.
In this thy Father thou dost imitate,
That he fair *Ariadne* did forsake;
What he alone excused as a sin,
That act thou only do'st admire in him.

Shewing thy self in this to be his son
That thou like him, hast a young maid undone,
But she is happly to *Bacchus* married,
And in this Chariot, drawn with Tigers, carried:
The *Thracians* do my marriage bed contemn,
Because I lov'd a stranger more than them:
And some perhaps will say in my disgrace,
Let her go to *Athens*, that most learned place;
Since she so kind hath to a stranger been,
The warlike *Thracians* will have a new Queen.
The end doth prove the action, but yet may
He want success, that thinketh so, I say:
That measures actions not from the intent,
But counts them good, that have a good event.
For if *Demophoon* would again return,
Then they would honour me whom now they scorn.
" Unfortunate actions do our credit stain.
I am faulty, because thou do'st not come again.
Methinks I see, how when thou leftst our Court,
Thy ship being ready to forsake our Port;
Thy loving arms about my neck were spred,
Making my lips with tedious kisses red.
I wept, and when thou saw'st those tears of mine,
Thou also wep'st and mingled'st them with thine.
And then thou seemedst, with a treacherous mind
Sorry, because thou hadst so fair a wind.
And at the last, when thou must needs depart,
Then said'st, farewell fair *Phyllis* my Sweet-heart.
For when one month is come unto an end,
Look for *Demophoon* thy faithful friend.
Why should I look for thy return in vain,
Who hadst no purpose to return again;
Yet I'le look for thy coming back how ever,
For it is better to come late, than never.

But

But I do fear thou haſt a new Sweet-heart.
One that doth alienate from me thy heart,
That thou forgotten *Phyllis* do'ſt not know:
Wo's me, if *Phyllis* be forgotten ſo
Who did *Demophoon* kindly entertain,
Whe forc'd by ſtorms he to our Harbour came,
Whoſe neceſſities with treaſure I ſupply'd,
And gave him many royal gifts beſide.
My Kingdom unto thee I did ſubmit,
Thinking a woman could not govern it:
Even all thoſe goodly Lands I offered thee,
'Twixt *Hæmeus* and the ſhady *Rhodope*.
Beſides, thou didſt my Virgine Zone unty;
And violate my chaſte Virginity.
And at our marriage the fatal Owle
Did ſing, while mad *Tiſiphone* did howle:
Alecto with her ſnaky hair was there;
The Candles did like funeral-lights appear.
Oft ſadly to ſome rock I go, whoſe height.
May make me to ſee far at ſea out-right
If it be day, or if the Stars do ſhine,
I look ſtill how the wind ſtands at that time;
If a far off a Ship I chance to ſee,
I ſtraight do hope that it thy ſhip may be.
And then in haſte upon the ſands I run
So far, that I unto the Sea-waves come.
But when I have at length my error found.
Amongſt my maids I fall down in a ſound.
There is a hallow Bay bent like a bow,
Whoſe rocky ſides into the ſea far go;
To caſt my ſelf from thence is my intent,
Since to deviſe me thou art falſly bent.
For when thou ſeeſt my body like a wrack
Caſt on the ſhore, I know thou wilt look back

On

On the sad sight, and though thy heart should be
More hard than Adamant, thou'lt pity me.
Sometimes I could drink poyson, or afford
To stab my tender breast with a sharp sword,
Or put a halter 'bout my neck, which oft
Thou hast imbraced with thy arms more soft.
For Ile revenge my loss of Chastity,
Though I am doubtful yet what death to dye.
And to declare my death from thee did come,
These lines shall be engrav'd upon my tomb.
Phyllis that did *Demophoon* entertain,
Was by his unkindness, and her own hand slain.

The

The Argument of the third Epistle.

THe Grecians being arrived at Phrygia, *began to take the Cities near* Troy, *especially those opposite to the Isle* Lesbos Achilles *the Son of* Peleus *and* Thetis, *invadeth both the* Cilicians *and* Thebans, *and* Lyrnessa *besieged and took the Town* Chyrnessus, *and brought away two fair Virgins,* Astinoe *the Daughter of* Chryses, *called afterward by their Fathers names.* Chryses, *he bestows on Prince* Agamemnon *but keeps* Briseis *to himself. But* Agamemnon *being*

being commanded by the Oracle to restore Chryses *to her Father, took* Briseis *from* Achilles: *who taking it as an indignity, absents himself from the wars: no intreaty can prevail to make him fight against* Troy. Agamemnon *sends him* Briseis *again with gifts, he slights them both.* Briseis *thereupon in this Epistle complains of his too violent anger, intreats him to fight against the* Trojans, *to accept* Agamemnons *offer, and receive her again.*

BRISEIS *to* ACHILLES.

THis Letter *Briseis* unto thee doth send,
Which I perhaps in Greek have rudely pen'd.
My tears did make those blots which thou dost see,
And yet these weeping blots may speak for me.
If a Captive may with modesty complain
Of thee, my Lord, do not my sute disdain.
Unto *Agamemnon* thou didst me resign,
And yet alas this was no fault of thine!
When that *Euribates* and *Talthibius* came
To fetch me, whom thou durst not then detain.
They wondred that thou couldst so soon deliver
Me to the Kings use, if thou lov'dst me ever.
Thou might'st have seem'd loath for to depart,
And have bestow'd one kiss on thy Sweet-heart:
But yet I wept apace, my hair I tore,
As if I were a Captive made once more.
I often thought to steal away to thee,
But then I fear'd the *Trojan* enemy:
Lest being surpriz'd by them in my attempt,
They should have to *Priams* daughters me present.
But thou wilt say, thou couldst not me detain;
But yet thou might'st have fetcht me back again.
Patroclus then did speak thus in my ear;
Why dost thou weep? thou shalt not stay long there.

Nay

Nay, thou wilt not deceive me now again,
And much leſs fetch her whom thou doſt diſdain.
Ajax and *Phœnix* both did come to thee,
Thy friend and cozen by conſanguinity.
And *Ulyſſes*, who with gifts and prayers did woo thee,
To receive thy *Briſeis* when they brought me to thee,
And for a preſent twenty Baſons brought,
With ſeven three-footed Tab'es cary'd and wrought:
To theſe ten Talents of Gold added were,
And twelve braveSteeds that were train'd up to war,
And many Captive maids, who with one look
Could take the Conquerers that had them took:
And a fair Virgin that thy wife might be;
But ſure thou need'ſt no other wife but me.
From *Agamemnon* wouldſt thou me redeem,
That to receive theſe gifts ſo nice doſt ſeem?
Achilles, how have I mov'd thy neglect?
Why doſt thou now unkindly me reject?
" Or is its fortunes cuſtom ſtill to frown
" On thoſe, who by misfortune are caſt down?
I ſaw thee when thou didſt *Lyrneſſus* take,
And of thy *Briſeis* didſt a captive make.
I ſaw how many of my kindred were
Slain by thy valiant hand, and did lie there
Panting for life, till their freſh wounds had bled
So much, that all the earth was painted red.
Yet when I loſt thoſe friends, I got another;
Thou art my Lord, my Husband, and my Brother.
And by thy Mother Queen, of the ſalt Flood,
Thou ſworeſt all ſhould turn unto my good,
Binding thy ſelf with promiſes, that I
Should be moſt happy in captivity.
But now both me, & thoſe gifts which are ſent thee,
Thou doſt refuſe, for neither can content thee.

And I hear, to morrow by the break of day,
Thou meanest to take ship and sail away.
When I did hear the news, my heart did fail,
And presently my bloodless cheeks grew pale;
But wilt thou go from me my Dear, and leave me?
Unto whose custody wilt thou bequeath me?
May I be laid into the earths cold bed,
Or may the flaming thunder strike me dead;
Ere I behold the ship, cutting her way
Through the green waves while I am left to stay:
If thou intendest to return again,
Take me along, who no great burthen am;
I'le follow thee and serve thee all my life
As a poor Captive, not as thy dear wife.
I can inure my hands to labour hard;
And I can be content to spin or card.
One of the fairest maids that *Greece* ere bred
Shall be thy wife, and warm thy nuptial-bed;
My humble thoughts do not so high aspire,
To be thy servant, is all I desire.
I'le sit and spin until my task be done:
And until all my Flax to thred be spun.
Yet suffer not thy wife, I pray, to chide me,
Because I love thee, she will not abide me.
And do not suffer her to tear my hair;
Think how of *Briseis* thou didst once take care;
Nay though thou suffer her my hair to tear,
Do not despise me, this is all my fear,
What wouldst thou have? *Agamemnon* doth repent;
And *Greece* for wronging thee is penitent.
Subdue thy self, and now let him that hath
Conquer'd so many, conquer his own wrath:
Why dost thou let the coward *Hector* wast
And spoil the *Grecians*? take thou arms at last.

Achilles

Achilles take thy arms, but first me take:
Then crush those fellows, and force them to quake
For my sake thou art angry and offended,
For me thy wrath began, in me let it be ended,
It's no disgrace unto my suit to yield,
Oetines did go unto the field
Perswaded by his wife, though he laid by
His arms, and to aid his Country did deny,
She did perswade her valiant husband straight,
But my words have, alas! no power nor waight.
I dare not call my self thy wife, for I
Have lived with thee in Captivity;
Though my Lord hath often call'd his handmaid
Unto his bed, and I have him obeyed,
I do remember that a captive Maid
Did call me Mistress; unto whom I said,
Lay not the waight of scorn on misery,
That title suits not with Captivity.
For by my fathers ashes I do swear,
Of whom a reverend memory I bear;
By my three brothers souls, whose blood was spill'd
For their Country, and in its defence were kill'd:
By my lips, and by those soft lips of thine
Which we did often times together joyn;
And by thy sword I swear, since I went from thee,
That *Agamemnon* never lay with me.
But for thy honesty thou dar'st not swear,
If I should put thee to thy oath, I fear,
The Grecians think with sorrow thou art pin'd,
But thou hast musick to refresh thy mind;
While thy Sweet-heart doth clasp thee in her arms,
Making her moistned kisses powerful charms
To stay thee there, which makes the loath to fight;
Love and sweet musick, yield thee more delight.

It is the safer course in bed being laid,
To sport thy self with some young fearful Maid;
Or when with those joyes thou art tyr'd too much,
To give thy Thracian Lyre a gentle touch:
Than to hold Buckler or sharp-pointed Spear,
Or on thy head a waighty Helmet wear?
Yet in brave actions thou didst once delight,
And to win glory only thou wouldst fight.
Didst thou love war till I was captive made?
And is thy Valour since that time decay'd?
The gods forbid, I hope to see thy Spear
Wound valiant *Hector*, who doth no man fear.
Let the Grecians send me to my Lord to plead
Their cause with kisses, I can intercede
More powerfully than *Phœnix* or *Ulysses*,
There is a sweeter eloquence in kisses.
If I incircle thee within mine arms,
My close embraces are like powerful charms;
My naked brests being in thy view laid open,
Will soon perswade thee, though no word be spoken.
If thou wert like the sea, void of compassion,
My silent tears would move commiseration.
As thou desirest thy fathers length of dayes,
Or to see *Pyrrhus* crowned with wreaths of Bayes.
Achilles take thy *Briseis* once again,
Have pity on that grief which I sustain.
If thy love be turn'd to hate, yet do not flout me,
Kill me out-right, who cannot live without thee.
Nay, thou dost kill me, for my strength doth fade
My beauty and fresh colour is decay'd,
Yet I do hope thou wilt thy *Briseis* take,
And this hope makes me live, even for thy sake.
But if my hopes of thee do fail, then I
To meet my brother and husband will dye.

Yet when others ſhall perchance read my ſad ſtory,
To kill a woman will yield thee no glory.
Yet let no other kill me, thy weapon can
Kill me aſſoon as any other man.
Let thy ſword give me ſuch a wound that I
May bleed with pleaſure, and ſo bleeding dye.
Let thy ſword ſend me to *Elyſian* reſt
Which might have wounded *Hectors* valiant breſt,
But let me live if thou art pleaſed ſo,
Thy love doth ask what thou grant'ſt to thy foe;
And rather kill thy *Trojan* foes than I
Expreſs thy valour on thy enemy:
And whether thou intend'ſt to go or ſtay,
Command me as my Lord to come away

The Argument of the fourth Epistle.

THeseus *the son of* Ægeus *having slain the Minotaur, brought away by ship* Ariadna *daughter to* Minos *and* Pasiphae, *to whom for helping him in killing the Minotaur he had promised marriage, and her sister* Phædra. *But admonished by* Bacchus, *he leaves* Ariadna *in the Isle* Naxos *or* Chios, *& marries* Phædra, *who in* Theseus *absence falls in love with her son-in-Law* Hippolytus, Theseus *son by* Hippolite *an* Amazon. *He being a Batchelor, and much addicted to hunting,*

ing, she having no opportunity to speak unto him, discovers her love by this Epistle; wherein cunningly wooing and perswading him to love her, and lest it might seem dishonesty in a Mother to sollcit her son-in-law, she begins with an Insinuation.

PHÆDRA *to* HIPPOLYTUS.

PHædra unto *Hippolitus* sends health,
Which unless thou giv'st me, I must want my self:
Yet Read it, for a Letter cannot fright thee,
There may be something in it may delight thee.
For these dumb Messengers sent out of hand,
Do carry secrets both by Sea and Land.
The Foe will read a Letter, though it be
Sent to him from his utter enemy.
Thrice I began my mind to thee to break,
Thrice I grew dumb, so that I could not speak,
There is a kind of modesty in love,
Which hindreth those that honest suits do move.
And love hath given command that every lover
Should write that which he blusheth to discover.
Then to contemn Loves power it is not safe,
Who over all the gods dominion hath.
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,
Who ruleth over all the gods above.
Love bid me write, I followed his direction,
Who told me that my lines should win affection.
O! since I love thee, may my love again
Raise in thy breast another mutual flame.
That love which hath been a long time delay'd,
At last grows violent, and must be obey'd:
I feel a fire, a fire within my heart,
And the blind wound of love doth rage and smart.
As tender Heyfers cannot brook the yoak,
Nor the wild Colt, that is not backt nor broak,

Endure the bridle, so loves yoak I find
Is heavy to an unexperienc'd mind.
When 'tis their art, and they can easily do it,
That from their youth have been train'd up unto it;
She that hath let her time run out at wast,
Her love is violent when she loves at last,
The forbidden fruits of love I keep for thee.
In tasting them let us both guilty be.
It is some happiness to pluck and cull
Fruit from a tree, Whose boughs with fruit are full;
Or from the bush to gather the first Rose;
I am the tree and bush where loves fruit grows:
Yet hitherto my fame was never blotted;
But for white chastity I have been noted;
And I am glad that I my love have plac'd
On one by whom I cannot be disgrac'd.
Adultery in her is a base fact,
That with some base fellow doth commit the act.
But should *Juno* grant me her *Jupiter*,
In love I would *Hippolitus* prefer.
And since I lov'd thee, I do now embrace
Those sports which thou dost love; to hunt and chase
Wild savage beasts, for I would gladly be
A Huntress to enjoy thy company.
And now I like thee, no Goddess I do know,
But chast *Diana* with her bended bow.
I love the woods, and take delight to set
The toyls, and chase the Deer into the Net.
And I do take delight to hoop and hallow,
And cheer the dogs, while they the chase do follow.
To cast a dart I now am cunning grown.
Sometimes upon the grass I lie alone,
Sometimes for pleasure I a Chariot drive,
Reyning the Horse that with the bridle strive.

Sometime like those mad *Ba'chis* I do run,
Who pipe when they to the Idian hill do come;
Or like those that have seen the horned fawns,
And Dryads lightly tripping o're the lawns.
In such a frantick fit they say I am,
When Love torments me with his raging flame;
And this same love of mine perhaps may be
By fate entail'd upon one family,
For it is given to us in love to fall;
And *Venus* takes a tribute of us all.
For first, great *Jupiter* did rarely gull
Europa with the false shape of a Bull.
My mother *Pasiphae* in a Cow of wood
The leaping of a lustful Bull withstood.
My sister likewise to false *Theseus* gave
A Clew of silk, and so his life did save,
Who through the winding labyrinth was led
By the direction of this slender thred.
And now like *Mino*'s stock, I even I
Love as the rest did, in extremity.
It fortunes that our love thus cross should be,
Thy father lov'd my sister, I love thee.
Thus *Theseus* and *Hippolytus* his son
Do glory that their love hath overcome
Two sisters, but I would we had remain'd
At home, when we came to thy fathers land.
For then especially thy presence mov'd me,
And from that time I ever since have lov'd thee.
My eye convey'd unto my heart delight,
To like of thee, for thou wert cloath'd in white.
A flowry garland did thy soft hair crown,
And thy complexion was a lovely brown.
Which some for a stern visage had mistook;
But *Phædra* thought thou hadst a manly look.

Or young-men should not be like women dreſt,
A careleſs dreſſing, doth become them beſt;
The ſternneſs, and looſe flowing of thy hair,
And duſty countenance moſt graceful were.
While thy curvetting Steed did bound and fling,
I admir'd to ſee thee ride him in the ring;
If with thy ſtrong arm thou didſt toſs the pike.
Thy nimble ſtrength I did approve and like,
Or, if thou took'ſt thy Javelin in thy hand,
Me thought thou didſt in comly poſture ſtand,
For all thy actions yielded me delight,
And did appear moſt graceful in my ſight.
Of the woods wildneſs do not then partake,
Nor ſuffer me to periſh for thy ſake.
For why ſhouldſt thou in hunting ſpend thy leaſure?
And not delight on *Venus* ſweeter pleaſure?
There's nothing can endure without due reſt,
By which our wearied bodies are refreſht.
And thou might'ſt imitate they *Diana*'s bow,
Which if too often bended, weak will grow.
Cephalus was a Woodman, man of great fame,
And many wild beaſts by his hand were ſlain,
Yet with *Aurora* he did fall in love,
Her bluſhing beauty did his fancy move:
While from her aged husbands bed ſhe roſe,
And wiſely to young *Cephalus* ſtraight goes.
Venus and young *Adonis* oft would lye
Together on the graſs moſt wantonly,
And underneath ſome tree in the hot whether.
They would lye kiſſing in the ſhade together.
Atalanta did *Oenides* fancy move,
And gave her wilde beaſts skins to ſhew his love,
And therefore why may'ſt thou not fancy me,
Sith without love the woods unpleaſant be.

For I will follow thee o're the rocky cliff,
And never fear the boars sharp fanged teeth;
Two seas the narrow *Isthmus* do oppose,
The raging waves on both sides of it flows.
Together thou and I will govern here
Thy Kingdom, than my Country far more dear:
My husband *Theseus* hath long absent been,
He's with his friend *Piritopus*, it doth seem.
Theseus (unless we will the truth deny)
Doth love *Pirithous* more than thee or I.
'Tis his unkindness that he stayes so long,
But he hath done us both far greater wrong.
With his great Club he did my brother slay,
And left my sister to wild beasts a prey.
Thy mother was a warlike Amazon,
Deserving favour for thy sake her son:
Yet cruel *Theseus* kill'd her with his sword,
Who did to him so brave a son afford.
Nor would he marry her; for he did aim
That as a bastard thou shouldst never raign;
And many children he on me begot,
Whose untimely death no: I but he did plot;
Would I had died in labour, ere that I
Had wrong'd thee by a second Progeny.
Why shouldst thou revernce thy fathers bed,
Which he doth shun, and now away is fled?
If a mother be to love her son enclin'd,
Why should vain names fright thy courageous mind?
Such strict preciseness former times became,
Wh n good old *Saturn* on the earth did raign.
But *Saturns* dead, his laws are cancell'd now;
Jove rules, then follow what *Jove* doth allow;
For *Jove* all sorts of pleasure doth permit,
Sisters may marry if they think it fit.

With

non ego tollendi causa sed ulta fui.

With their own brothers, *Venus* bonds doth tye
The knot more close of consanguinity.
Besides, who can our stoln joyes discover?
With a fair outside we our fault may colour:
If our embraces were discern'd by some,
They would say that mother surely loves her son,
Thou need'st not come by night, no doors are bar'd
And shut on me, thy passage is not hard,
One house as it did once, may us contain.
Thou oft hast kist me, and shalt kiss again.
Thou shalt be safe with me, nay, wert thou seen
Within my bed, such faults have smoother'd been.
Then come with speed to ease my troubled mind,
And may love alwaies prove to thee more kind.
Thus I most humbly do entreat and sue,
Pride and great words become not those that wooe.
Thus I most humbly beg of thee alone.
Alas! my pride and my great words are gone:
To my desires long time I would not yield;
But yet at last affection won the field.
And as a Captive at thy royal feet
Thy mother begs; *Love knows not what is meet.*
Shame hath forsook his Colours in my cheek
It is confest, yet grant that love I seek
Though *Minos* be my father, who keeps under
His power the seas, and that darteth thunder
Be my Grand-father; and he be a kin
To me, that hath his forehead circled in
With many a clear beam, a sharp pointed ray,
And drives the purple Chariot of the day,
Love makes a servant of nobility
Then for my Ancestors even pity me.
Nay *Crete*, *Joves* Island, shall my Dowry be.
And all my Court (*Hippolytus*) shall serve thee.

My

My mother ſoftened a Bulls ſtern breaſt,
And wilt thou be more cruel than a beaſt?
For love-ſake love me, who have thus complain'd,
So may'ſt thou love and never be diſdain'd:
So may the Queen of Foreſts help thee ſtill,
So may the Woods yield game for thee to kill.
May Fawns and Satyrs help thee every where,
So may'ſt thou wound the Boar with thy ſharp ſpear.
So may the Nymphs give thee water to ſlake
Thy burning thirſt, though thou do Maidens hate.
Tears with my prayers I mingle, read my prayers,
And imagine that you do behold my tears.

The Argument of the fifth Epistle.

HEcuba *Daughter to* Cisseus, *and wife to* Priam *being with child, dreamt that she was delivered of a flaming Fire-brand, that set all* Troy *on fire.* Priam *troubled in mind, consults with the Oracle, receives answer, that his son should be the destruction of his Country, and therefore as soon as he was born, commands his death. But his Mother* Hecuba *sends her son* Paris *secretly to the Kings Shepherds. They keep him, till being grown a young-man, he fancied the Nymph* Oenone, *and married her. But when* Juno, Pallas, *and* Venus *contended about the golden*

golden Apple, which had this inscription, DETUR PULCHRIORI, Let it be given to the faireſt, Jupiter *made* Paris *their Judge. To whom* Juno *promiſed a Kingdom,* Pallas *wiſdom,* Venus *Pleaſure, and the faireſt of women; but he gave ſentence for* Venus. *Afterward being known by his Father, and received into favour, he ſailed to* Sparta, *whence he took* Helen *wife to* Menelaus, *& brought her to* Troy. Oenone *hearing thereof, complains in this Epiſtle of his unfaithfulneſs, perſwading him to ſend back* Helen *to* Greece, *and receive her again.*

OENONE *to* PARIS.

UNto my *Paris*, for though thou art not mine,
Thou art my *Paris*, becauſe I am thine,
A Nymph doth ſend from the *Idæan* Hill
Theſe following words, which do this Paper fill.
Read it, if that thy new wife will permit,
My Letter is not in a ſtrange hand writ.
Oenone through the *Phrygian* woods well known,
Complains of wrong, that thou to her haſt done,
What god hath uſ'd his power to croſs our love?
What fault of mine hath made thee faithleſs prove?
With deſerv'd ſufferings I could be content;
But not with undeſerv'd puniſhment.
What I deſerve, moſt patient I could bear,
But undeſerv'd puniſhments heavy are.
Thou wert not then of ſuch great dignity,
When a young Nymph did firſt marry thee;
Though now forſooth, thou *Priam*'s ſon art prov'd,
Thou wert a ſervant firſt, when firſt we lov'd:
And while our ſheep did graze, we both have laid
Under ſome tree together in the ſhade;
Whoſe boughs like a green Canopie were ſpred,
While the ſoft graſs did yield us a green bed:
And when the dew did fall, we often lay
In a poor Cottage, upon ſtraw or hay.

I ſhew'd thee both, what Lawns and Foreſts were
Likely to yield much ſtore of game, and where
The wild beaſts did in ſecret caves abide,
And their young ones in the hollow Rocks did hide.
To ſet thy Toyls with thee I oft have gone,
After the Hounds I o're the Hills have run.
My name on every Beech-tree I do find.
Thou hadſt engrav'd *Oenone* on their rind,
And as the body of the tree doth, ſo
The letters of my name do greater grow.
Cloſe by a River (I remember it)
Theſe lines are on an *Alder* fairly writ;
And may the *Alder* flouriſh ſtill and ſpread,
Becauſe theſe lines may on the bark be read:
When Paris *doth to* Oenone *falſe become*,
Xanthus *unto his ſpring doth backward run*,
Xanthus run back, thy courſe now backward take,
For *Paris* doth his *Oenone* forſake.
That day did unto me moſt fatal prove;
That day began the winter of thy love,
When *Venus*, *Juno*, and fair *Pallas* came
Naked before thee, and did not diſdain
To chuſe thee for their Judge, when thou had'ſt told
The ſtory to me, my faint heart grew cold,
Of the experienc'd I did counſel take,
They did reſolve me, thou wouldſt me forſake.
For thou didſt build new ſhips without delay,
And didſt ſend forth a Fleet to ſea ſtraight way.
Yet thou didſt weep at thy departure hence;
Do not deny it, it was no offence;
For by my love thy credit is not ſtain'd,
But of loving *Helen* thou may'ſt be aſham'd,
Thou wept'ſt, and alſo at that very time
Thou ſaw'ſt me weep, my tears dropping with thine.

And

And as the Vine about the Elme doth winde
So thy arms were about my neck entwinde.
When thou complaind'ſt becauſe the winds croſs were,
The Sailers laught, becauſe the wind ſtood fair.
Thou didſt kiſs me oft, when thou didſt depart,
And thou wert loth to ſay, Farewel, Sweet-heart.
At laſt, a gentle gale of wind did blow,
So that thy ſhip from land did ſlowly go,
I looking after thee, long time did ſtand
Weeping, and ſhed ing tears on the dry ſand.
and to the green *Nereides* I did pray,
Thy voyage might be ſpeedy without ſtay:
For me it was too ſpeedy, ſince that I
Suſtain the loſs of thy falſe love thereby.
To *Theſſaly* my Prayers have brought thee ſafe,
And for a Whore my prayer prevailed hath.
There is a Mountain that to ſea doth look,
Which beating of the foaming waves can brook:
From hence when I beheld thy ſhip was coming,
Into the Sea I preſently was running;
But ſtanding ſtill, at length I might diſcern
A purple flag, which waved on the ſtern;
Then whether it were thy ſhip I did doubt,
Becauſe ſuch colours thou didſt not put out,
But when thy ſhip to ſhore did nearer ſtand,
And a fair gale did bring it cloſe to land,
A womans face I ſtraightway did behold,
Which made my heart to tremble, and wax cold.
And while I ſtood doating there, I might eſpy
Thy ſweet-heart, that did on thy boſome lye.
O then I wept, my breaſt I ſtrock and beat
And tore my cheeks, that with my tears were wet;
Filling the Mountain *Ida* with my cries;
And there I did bewail my miſeries.

May *Helena* at last so weep, so grieve,
When thou dost falsly her forsake and leave:
And may she that this wrong to me doth offer,
Be wrong'd in the like kind, and like wrong suffer,
When thou wert poor, and led'st a Shepherds life,
None but *Oenone* was thy loving wife
'Tis not thy wealth, nor state that I admire;
Nor to be *Priams* daughter do I desire.
Yet *Priam*, nor his *Hecuba*, need disdain
Me for their daughter, since I worthy am.
I am fit to be a princess, to command,
A royal Scepter would become my hand,
Despise me not, because that I with thee
Have lain under some shady Beechen-tree.
For I am fitter for thy royal bed,
When it with purple Quilts is covered.
Lastly, my love is safest, since for me
No wars shall follow, nor no Fleet shall be
Sent forth; but if thou *Helena* do take,
She shall by force of arms be fetched back
Blood is the portion which thou shalt obtain,
If thou dost marry with this stately Dame,
Ask *Hector* and *Deiphobus*, if she
Should not unto the *Greeks* restored be;
Ask *Priam*, and *Antenor* wise and grave,
Who by their age much deep experience have,
For to prefer a beauteous rape before
Thy Country, must be bad and base all o're
Since to defend a bad cause is a shame,
Her Husband shall just wars 'gainst the maintain.
Nor think that *Helen* faithful will become,
Who was so quickly woo'd, so quickly won.
As *Menelaus* grieves, because that she
Hath with a stranger, by adultery

Wrong'd

Wrong'd the chaſte rites of the Nuptial bed,
And let a ſtranger ſo addorn his head:
So thou wilt then confeſs, no art, or coſt,
Can purchaſe honeſty, that once is loſt.
She that is bad once, will in bad perſever,
And being bad once will be bad for ever,
As ſhe loves thee, ſo ſhe before did Love
Menelaus, unto whom ſhe falſe did prove.
Thou might'ſt have been more faithful unto me;
As thy brother was to fair *Andromache*.
But thou art lighter than dry leaves, which be
By every wanton wind blown off the tree:
Or like the waving corn, which every whiff
Of wind doth bend, untill it grow more ſtiff.
Thy Cozen once (for I remember't well)
With diſhevel'd hair did thus my fate foretell;
What doſt thou *Oenone*? why doſt thou ſow
The barren ſands? Or why do'ſt thou thus go
About to plough the ſhore? it is in vain;
Such fruitleſs tillage can yield thee no gain.
A Grecian Maid is coming that ſhall be
Fatal unto thy Country, and to thee.
And may the ſhip be drown'd in the ſalt flood,
Whoſe ſad arrival ſhall coſt ſo much blood.
When ſhe had ſaid thus, ſtraight my flaxen hair
Began to heave and ſtand upright for fear.
Alas, thou wert too true a Propheteſs,
For ſhe is come, and doth my place poſſeſs!
Yet ſhe is but a fair adultereſs,
Who with a ſtrangers love was ſo ſoon took;
And for his ſake her Country hath forſook.
Beſides, one *Theſeus* (though I know not whom)
Brought her out of the Country long agon.
And canſt thou think an amorous young-man
Would ſend her a pure Virgin back again?

If thou wouldst know how I these truths discry,
It is my Love, Love doth in all things pry.
If thou call'st her fau't a rape, yet that name
May seem to hide her fault, but not her shame.
Since she so often from her Country went,
'Twas not by violence, but by her consent.
Though by deceit thou me instructed hast,
Yet *Oenone* still remaineth chast.
I hid me in the woods, while the wanton rout
Of nimble Satyres sought to find me out:
And horned Fawnes with wreaths of sharp Pine crown'd
Over the Mountain *Ida* sought me round.
For great *Apollo* that protecteth *Troy*,
The spoyls of my Virginity did enjoy,
By force against my will; for which disgrace
I tore my guiltless hair, and scratcht my face:
Yet neither precious stones could me entice,
Nor gold; for I set on my self no price.
She that hath wit, and ingenuity,
Seemeth for gifts to sell Virginity.
Apollo thought me worthy to impart
To me the skill of Physick, and his Art:
The vertue of all herbs he did reveal
To me, and shew'd what Herbs have power to heal.
Yet wo's me, that no powerful Herb is found,
That can recure Loves inward bleeding wound.
Since great *Apollo* who did first invent
The art of Physick, yet for my sake went
And kept *Admetus* Oxen; for the flame
Of my love turn'd him to a Shepherd Swain:
Though *Apollo's* art, nor Herbs, cannot relieve me;
Yet thou can'st help me and some comfort give me;
Thou can'st, O then have pity on a Maid:
For me the Grecians shall not thee invade.

As from my blooming years, and childish time
I have been, so let me still remain thine:

Oenone.

The Argument of the 6xth Epistle.

THe *Oracle had told* Pelias *the son of* Neptune, *that he should be near his death, when, as he was sacrificing to his Father, one should come to him with one foot naked and bare. As he was performing his yearly sacrifice,* Jason *son to* Æson, *& his Nephew having left*

one of his shoos sticking in the mud of the River Anaurus, *hasting to the sacrifice, meets with him one foot naked.* Pelias *remembring the Oracle, perswades* Jason *to go to* Colchos *to fetch the golden Fleece, hoping his destruction by the impossibility of the attempt. But courageous* Jason *willingly undertook the Voyage, and so accompanied with many Grecian Nobles, he set forth in the ship* Argo *from* Pegasus *a Haven of* Thessaly *and sailed to the Isle* Lemnos: *where when the Women consented to kill all the Men on one night,* Hipsiphile *who had only preserved her Father* Thoas *alive, then reigned, and at board and bed kindly entertained* Jason. *But after two years, the time and importunity of his company urging him to proceed in his intended attempt, he leaves* Hypsiphile *with child, and sails to* Colchos; *where by* Medea's *art having charmed the Dragon fast asleep, and overcome the fierce Bulls, he brought away the golden Fleece and* Medea. Hypsiphile *being grieved that* Medea *was preferred before her, in this Epistle gratulates* Jasons *return, rails on* Medeas *cruelty and witchcraft, to make her contemptible; and lastly, curses both* Jason *and* Medea.

HYPSIPHILE *to* JASON.

TO *Thessaly* thou art return'd again.
Rich in the Golden Fleece, which thou did'st gain.
I am glad thou'rt well, yet it were better
If I had heard of thy health by thy Letter.
It may be that the wind did not stand fair,
That to my Kingdom thou could'st not repair;
And yet although contrary winds stood cross,
To venture a letter had been no loss.
Hypsiphile had deserv'd thy salutations,
Sent in a Letter of kind commendations.
I heard not by thy Letters but by Fame;
That thou did'st *Mars* his sacred Oxen tame;
And how the Dragons teeth being sow'd, did bring
Forth armed men, which from the earth did spring:

In whose blood thou didst not thy hand imbrew,
For those sons of earth one another slew,
And from the watchful Dragon while he slept,
Thou took'st the golden Fleece which he had kept.
What sudden joy had I conceiv'd at it,
If thou this joyful news to me hadst writ!
Of thy unkindness why do I complain:
I fear thou dost my former love disdain.
A barbarous Enchantress thou hast brought,
And her more worthy of thy love hast thought;
Love soon believes; yet I wish, I may be
Censur'd for rashness in accusing thee.
From *Thessaly* a stranger came of late;
And as soon as he was come to my gate,
I askt him how my *Jason* did, and staid
Looking down to the ground, no answer made:
Straightway into a passion I did break,
Tearing my garments, and thus I did speak;
Tell me if that my *Jason* live, that I,
If he be dead, may follow him and die.
He lives, sayes he: and yet through loving fear
I scarce believ'd him, though that he did swear.
But when my doubtful mind his words believ'd,
I askt what valiant deeds thou hadst atchiev'd?
And he related the whole story how
Thou mad'st the brazen-footed Oxen plough,
How from the Dragons teeth on the earth sow'd
A harvest of brave armed souldiers grow'd;
Which earth-sprung men did straightway fall at jars,
And slew each other in their civil wars:
And that thou kild'st the Dragon: when I heard
These deeds of thine, again I grew afear'd;
Again I asked him, if *Jason* did live,
His words through fear, I hardly could believe;

Yet by the carriage of his speech I found,
That thy unkindness had given me a wound.
Where are thy promises? those marriage bands,
Which once did joyn our loving hearts and hands?
Or where is *Hymens* torch that burnt so bright!
Fitter to have been a sad funeral light,
I was no whore; *Juno* and *Hymen* too
At our glad Nuptials themselves did show.
Not *Juno*, nor *Hymen*, when we did marry,
But *Erinnys* did the fatal torches carry.
The *Thessalians* and *Minnans* strangers were
To me; and why did *Typhis* put in here
His ship? Here is no wealthy Ram doth bear
A golden Fleece upon his back, nor here
Doth old *Æto's* fair lofty Palace stand.
This *Lemnia* is a little small Island;
I had resolv'd (but fate did it withstand)
To drive thee from hence with a Feminine band.
Though *Lemnian* woman had their husbands kill'd,
I thought 'twas pity thy blood should be spill'd.
Thy first sight in me such a liking bred,
That I entertained thee at board and bed.
And thou two Summers with me stayd'st here,
And while two winters also passed were.
And the third year, when thou didst sail away,
With weeping tears unto me thou didst say,
Hypsiphile, though I am forc'd to go
And leave thee here, yet I would have thee know,
That till I do return again, I'e be
Alwaies a faithful Husband unto thee.
And may that prosper which is in thy womb,
To make me a glad Parent when I come;
Then down thy face thy cunning tears did fall,
The rest for grief thou couldst not speak at all.

C

Of all thy company thou wentst last of all
Aboord the ship which thou didst *Argo* call:
Away it flies, when once the hollow sail
Was driven forward with a lusty gale;
And while thy ship the blew waves passed o're,
I lookt upon the sea, thou to the shore.
And then unto my Turret I did go,
While tears did down my cheeks and bosom flow:
I looked through my tears and they did seem,
As if they watry perspectives had been:
For thorow them me thought that I could view,
Things farther off than I was wont to do.
Then I made vows, and I did chastly pray
For thy return, which vows I now should pay.
But shall I pay vows for *Medea*'s good?
Love mixt with anger doth enrage my blood.
Because I have lost *Jason* that doth live,
Shall I Sacrifices on th' Altar give?
I must confess I alwaies was afraid
Lest thou shouldst marry some young Grecian Maid.
I fear'd the Grecian Maids, but thou hast brought
A barbarous Harlot, of whom I ne're thought:
She cannot please thee with her beauteous look,
With her charms and skill in herbs thou art took.
For from the Sphear she can call down the Moon,
And hide in clouds the Horses of the Sun;
She can make Rivers stay their hasty course,
And make green woods and stones remove by force.
Unto the grave with loosen'd hair she comes,
And out of the warm ashes gathers bones.
When she would bewitch another, she doth frame
In wax his picture, and to increase his pain
In the heart of it small needles doth stick,
Which maketh his own heart to ake and prick.

And by her curſed charms ſhe can force love,
Which beauty and fair virtue ought to move.
How canſt thou then embrace her with delight?
Or ſleep ſecurely by her in the night?
But as ſhe did with charms the Dragon quell,
And Bulls, ſo ſhe hath charm'd thee with a Spell;
Beſides of glory ſhe will have a ſhare,
Out of thoſe deeds by thee performed were.
And ſome of *Pelias* ſide will think each deed
Of thine, did from the force of charm, proceed;
And that though *Jaſon* ſailed unto Greece,
Medea brought away the golden Fleece.
Thy father and thy mother both are wroth,
That thou ſhouldſt bring a wife out of the North.
A husband for her may at home be found,
Or elſe where *Tanais* doth *Scythia* bound.
But *Jaſon* is more ficle than the wind,
And [illegible] his words no conſtancy I find.
As thou went'ſt forth, why didſt not come again?
Coming and going I thy wife remain.
If Nobility of birth can thee content,
King *Thoas* is my father by deſcent;
Bacchus my Uncle is, whoſe wifes crown ſhines
With Stars enlightning all the leſſer Signs.
And faithful *Lemnos* ſhall my Dowry be,
Which thou might'ſt have, if that thou would'ſt have me.
Jaſon for my delivery may be glad
Of that ſweet burthen which by him I had,
For *Lucina* unto me ſo kind hath been,
That I two children unto thee did bring.
They are moſt like to thee in outward ſhow,
Yet they their fathers falſhood do not know:
Theſe young Embaſſadours I to thee had ſent,
But their ſtep-mother hindered my intent;

I feared fierce *Medea*, whose hands be
Ready to act all kind of villany.
She that her brothers limbs could piece-meal tear,
Would she have pity on my children dear?
And yet her charms have madly blinded thee,
To prefer her before *Hypsiphile*.
She was an adultéress when first she knew thee;
I by chast marriage was given to thee.
She betray'd her father, I sav'd mine from death;
She forsook *Colchos*, but me *Lemnos* hath.
And though her dowry be her wickedness,
From me she got my Husband nevertheless.
Jason, I blame the *Lemnian* womens act,
Yet wronged sorrow thrust us on each fact.
Tell me, suppose cross winds by chance had droven
Thee, and thy company into my Haven;
If with my children I had come to meet thee,
With curses might not I most justly greet thee?
How couldst thou look upon my babes or me?
What death deserv'st thou for thy treachery?
To preserve thee it had my mercy been,
And sure I had, though thou unworthy seem.
And with the harlots blood I would not fail
To fill my cheeks, which her charms have made pale.
Medea to *Medea* I would be,
And furiously revenge my injury.
If great *Jupiter* will my prayer receive,
Like to *Hipsiphile*, so may she grieve.
And since she like a Succubus me wrongs,
May she know what unto my grief belongs.
And as I am of my husband bereft,
May she be a widow with two children left;
As to her brother, and her father she
Was cruel, may she to her husband be.

And may she wander, o're earth, sea and ayre,
A hunted murderess, hopeless, poor, and bare.
Having left my Husband thus I pray beside,
May he live accursed with his wicked Bride.

The Argument of the seventh Epistle.

After the destruction of Troy, Æneas the son of Anchises and Venus, taking his Penates or houshold gods with him, gets to sea

sea with twenty ships. Through tempestuous weather at sea, he is driven to Lybia *where* Dido *(as* Virgil *hath fained) Daughter to* Belus, *and wife to* Sichæus Hercules *Priest, leaving* Tyre, *for the cruel avarice of her brother* Pigmalion, *who had unawares kill'd her husband for his wealth, and built the new City* Carthage: *she most magnificently entertained* Æneas *and his companions, loved him, and enjoyed him: but when* Mercury *admonisht him to depart for* Italy, *which Country the Oracle had promis'd him:* Dido, *having in vain endeavoured by entreaty to divert him from his purpose, and stay his journey, being sick to death, writes unto him, accusing him as the cause of her death.*

DIDO *to* ÆNEAS.

AS the Swan by Mæanders fords doth lie
In the moist weeds, and sings before she die:
So I not hoping to perswade thy stay,
Since one that will not hear me I do pray.
Having lost my credit and Virginity,
To lose a few words a small loss will be;
For thy poor *Dido* thou mean'st to forsake,
And unto sea wilt a new voyage make.
Æneas, thou wilt needs depart from me,
To find strange Kingdoms out in *Italy*.
Thou car'st not for new *Carthage*, or for my Lands
Whose Scepter I have given into thy hands.
Thou shun'st my Country which might be thy own,
And seek'st a Country unto thee unknown;
Which if thou findest out, thou canst not gain;
For who will suffer a stranger to raign?
Thou seekest another *Dido* whom in Love
Thou may'st deceive and false unto her prove;
Or when like unto *Carthage* canst thou build
A City, that doth store of people yield?

If

If all things happen to thee prosperously,
Where wilt thou find so kind a wife as I?
Like a wax Taper I burn with desire,
Or like sweet incense in the funeral fire;
And still I wish, *Æneas* would but stay,
Æneas I do think on night and day.
He careless of my love, and gifts doth seem,
Had I been wise, I had not car'd for him.
Yet I cannot hate *Æneas*, although he
Doth plot some unkind dealing against me.
Of thy unfaithfulness I do complain,
Having complain'd, I love thee more again.
Spare me, O *Venus*, since thou art his Mother;
Help me, O *Cupid*, since thou art his Brother;
Soften his heart, that he may milder prove,
And be a souldier in the Tents of Love.
And since to love him I think it no shame,
O may he love me with a mutual flame!
Thou art some false *Æneas* I do find,
Thou do'st not bear thy Mothers gentle mind.
Stones, Rocks, and Oaks are hard like to thy breast,
More mercileſs than any salvage beast,
Or than the Seas, which winds do now incense,
Yet with contrary winds thou wouldst go hence:
Winter to stay thy journey hence affayes,
Look how the Eastern winds the waves do raise,
Then to the winds let me beholding be,
Though for thy stay, I had rather owe to thee.
But I see rugged seas, and b'ustring wind
More just and gentle are, than thy false mind.
To untimely death I would not have thee come,
(Although deserv'd) while thou from me dost run.
Is thy life so cheap, or hatred such at most,
That thou wilt leave me, though thy life it cost?

The

The winds and waves, their fury will appeaſe,
When *Triton* drives his blew ſteeds o're the ſeas.
Would thy affections would change with the wind!
They will, if thou bear'ſt not a cruel mind.
Had'ſt thou not known the ſea, what wouldſt thou do?
Since having try'd it, thou wilt truſt it too.
Though to weigh anchor the ſmooth ſea perſwade thee;
Yet in the Ocean dangers may invade thee.
The ſea doth favour no unfaithful men,
But for unfaithfulneſs doth puniſh them.
Specially ſuch as do their ſweet-hearts wrong,
Since naked *Venus* from the green ſea ſprung.
I take care for him, that would me forſake,
And am afraid the ſea ſhould thee ſhipwrack.
Live, for bad fame is worſe than death can be,
When the world ſhall ſay that thou haſt kill'd me.
Suppoſe a ſtorm at ſea ſhould thee aſſail;
Would not thy courage then begin to quail?
Thy falſe oaths then would come unto thy mind,
And *Dido* whom thou killd'ſt by being unkind,
My bloody ſhape would hideouſly appear
Before thy eyes, with looſe long-ſpreading hair:
Then thou wouldſt ſay, this thundring ſtorm is ſent
Juſtly, for my deſerved puniſhment.
Unkil thou maiſt go ſafely, do but ſtay;
It would comfort me, if thou wouldſt delay
Thy voyage; ſpare *Aſcanius* thy ſon,
Though I by thee to untimely death do come.
What have *Aſcanius*, or thoſe gods deſerv'd
Drowning, which were by thee from fire preſerv'd?
But though thou brag'dſt to me; yet I do fear,
Thy gods and father thou didſt never bear
Upon thy ſhoulders, through the flaming fire;
For I am jealous that thou wert a lyer:

Fog

For I am not the first, whom thou didst wrong,
Or first deceive with thy alluring tongue.
Ascanius mother too by thee was left,
And thy unkindness her of life bereft.
Thou told'st me so much, which I now believe,
And the sad story made my heart to grieve;
And that the gods do hate thee it appears,
Who hadst wander'd by sea and land seven years;
Droven by storms I did thee entertain,
And gave thee all, ere I scarce knew thy name;
And would that I had only been content
To have entertain'd thee, and no further went.
For I should happy be if Fame would die,
And never tell how I with thee did lie.
That day was fatal, when a showre us drave
To meet together in a silent Cave,
Me thought I heard the Nymphs begin to howle,
The Furies at that present time did scowle.
Now thou dost punish me for *Sichæus* sake,
To whom my faith I then did violate.
And sure my ghost will even blush for shame,
When after death we two do meet again.
Sichæus Statue in a sacred place
Stands cover'd with leaves, and a woollen case:
From whence me thought a hollow voice did say,
And sometimes call *Elisa* Come away.
I come, and yet the fault that I have done
Is the cause that I am so slow to come.
Pardon me, since that no base fellow wrought
My ruine, and this may excuse my fault,
Since he from *Venus* and *Anchises* came,
I hoped that he faithful would remain.
And though I err'd, I had a good intent;
Of his falshood, not my error I repent;

But as at first, so now at last I find,
" That fortune still doth prove to me unkind.
My brother at the sacred Altar kill'd
My husband, and his blood for wealth he spill'd,
And after like a banisht creature I
From my own Country was enforc'd to fly.
Scaping my brother, strangers here receiv'd me,
And bought this land which I would have giv'n thee.
And built this City, compassing it withall,
Even round about with a defensive wall.
Then sudden wars did me straightway invade,
Before that I the City gates had made:
And many suiters did of me approve,
Who all did come to woo, and win my love.
Now to *Jarbas* I yield me up at leisure,
Since thou hast obtain'd of me thy own pleasure.
My brother in my blood desires to stain
His hand, by whom my husband first was slain.
Æneas, do not thou presume to touch
The Altars of those gods, who would too much
By thy presumptuous prayers be profan'd,
" Lift not unto the gods an impure hand;
For if to worship them thou shouldst aspire,
They would be sorry that they scap'd the fire.
And that I am with Child too it may be,
And that the fruits of Love now grow in me.
And as thou hast the mother first undone,
So to untimely death my babe shall come.
So that *Ascanius* his unborn brother
Shall die, like an unripe fruit in his mother.
But *Mercury* for staying here hath chid thee,
I would he had for coming too forbid thee.
And I do wish the *Trojans* had ne're found,
Nor landed on the *Carthaginian* ground.

Toſt with contrary winds, thou haſt long time
Sought that land which *Apollo* did aſſign.
To return to *Troy* thou wouldſt not take ſuch pain,
If *Hector* liv'd, and *Troy* did ſtand again.
Thou ſeeks not *Simois*, but ſwift *Tybris* River,
And ſhalt be a ſtranger when thou comeſt thither;
Which thou ſhalt not diſcover, nor behold,
Until perhaps thou art in years grown old.
But rather take this Kingdom, and the wealth
Of *Pigmalion*, as a dowry to my ſelf.
Let ancient *Troy* in *Carthage* now remain,
Take thou the Royal Scepter and here raign.
If thou, or elſe thy young ſon *Julus* are,
Deſirous to get honour by the war;
Here thou ſhalt find a foe to overcome,
For ſometimes the red Colours and the Drum
Do baniſh peace, therefore I intreat of thee
As thou lov'ſt thy Countries gods, and company,
Spare me; I beg it by thy brothers darts,
Young *Cupid* that doth wound all mortal hearts.
So may thy *Trojans* ſtill victorious be,
And *Troys* deſtruction end thy miſery.
So may *Aſcanius* in his youth be bleſt,
So may *Anchiſes* bones ſtill ſoftly reſt.
Though I offer thee my ſelf, do not reject me;
What is my fault, but that I do affect thee?
I am not come of the *Mycenian* blood,
By friends, or father, thou art not withſtood.
Or if to call me wife thou do'ſt diſdain,
Call me thy Hoſteſs, I will take that name.
Or with any other name thou ſhalt aſſign,
I am content, ſo *Dido* may be thine.
I know the ſeas, that beat the *Affrick* ſhoar,
At certain ſeaſons may be paſſed o're;

When

When the wind ſtands fair, thou wilt ſail away,
Now thy ſhips in the weedy haven ſtay.
The time of thy departure let me know,
Ile not ſtay thee, if thou deſir'ſt to go.
But yet thy company deſire ſome reſt,
To rig, and trim thy torn ſhips were beſt.
O! if I have deſerved any way
Of thee, I beg of thee a while to ſtay,
Until the ſea grow calm, and till my Love
By uſe of time more temperate do prove,
That I may learn, by length of time to be
Valiant, in ſuffering of adverſity.
If not to kill my ſelf is my intent,
If to be cruel to me thou art bent,
For I do wiſh, thou couldſt behold or ſee
In what ſad poſture I do write to thee.
One hand to write unto thee doth afford,
The other hand doth hold thy *Trojan* ſword:
And down thy cheeks the trickling tears do ſlide
On the ſword, which ſhall with my blood be dy'd.
It was thy fatal gift, and it may be
To ſend me to my grave, thou gav'ſt it me;
And though this firſt do wound my outward part,
Yet cruel Love long ſince did wound my heart.
O ſiſter *Anna*, thou that counſelld'ſt me
To yield to Love, ſhall now my funeral ſee,
On th'urn, to which my aſhes thou commit,
Eliſa wife to *Sichæus* ſhall be writ.
And theſe two verſes ſhall engraven be
upon the marble that doth cover me;
Æneas did to me my death afford,
For *Dido* kill'd her ſelf with his own ſword.

The Argument of the eighth Epistle.

HErmione *the daughter of* Menelaus *and* Helena, *was by* Tyndarus *her Grandfather by the mothers side, to whom* Menelaus *had committed the government of his house, while he went to* Troy, *betroathed to* Orestes, *the son of* Agamemnon *and* Clytemnestra. *Her father* Menelaus *not knowing thereof, had betroathed her to* Pyrrhus, *the son of* Achilles, *who at last returned from the* Trojan *wars, stole away* Hermione. *But she hating* Pyrrhus *and loving* Orestes, *admonishes*

admoniſhes him by this Letter, that ſhe might be eaſily taken from Pyrrhus; *and ſhe obtained her deſire. For* Oreſtes *being freed from his madneſs, for murdering* Ægyſthus *and his mother, he ſlew* Pyrrhus *in* Apollo's *Temple, and took her again.*

HERMIONE *to* ORESTES.

HErmione writes to him that was of late
Her husband, now anothers wife by fate.
Pyrrhus, *A hilles* ſtout ſon takes delight
To keep me from thee againſt law and right.
I did ſtrive with him, but my force did fail,
A womans ſtrength could not 'gainſt him prevail.
Pyrrhus, quoth I, what doſt thou do? ere long,
My Lord on thee will ſurely revenge this wrong.
But of *Oreſtes* name he would not hear,
But drag'd me home even by my looſen'd hair.
Should the barbarous foe *Lacedemon* take,
He could but thus of me a captive make.
And conquering *Greece* us'd not *Andromache*,
When they ſet fire of *Troy*, as he us'd me.
But *Oreſtes* if th'art toucht with this deſpight,
Then fetch me back again, I am thy right.
To fetch thy ſtollen cattel thou wilt go,
Why then to fetch thy wife art thou ſo ſlow;
By thy father why doſt not example take?
Who by a juſt war did his wife fetch back.
Had he led in his Court an idle life,
Thy mother then had been young *Paris* wife.
If thou do come, thou needſt not to provide
A Fleet, or ſtore of Souldiers beſide;
Yet ſo I might be fetched back again,
A husband for his wife may war maintain.

And *Atreus* was Uncle unto either,
So that thou art my husband and my brother.
O! husband then, and brother, help thou me;
For these two names implore some help of thee.
My grand-father *Tyndarus*, grave in his life
Deliver'd me unto thee as thy wife.
My father unto *Pyrrhus* promis'd me,
But my grand-father would dispose of me.
When I marry'd thee, I did to none belong,
If *Pyrrhus* marry me, he doth thee wrong.
My father will let us love, and enjoy,
For he was wounded by the winged boy,
And will permit us to love one another,
In the like sort as he did love my mother.
As he my mothers husband was, thou art
My husband, *Pyrrhus* playeth *Paris* part.
Though he boast deeds were by his father done,
Thy father by his actions fame hath won.
Achilles did for a common souldier stand,
But *Agamemnon* Captains did command.
Pelops, and his father thy Ancestors were,
Thou art but five descents from *Jupiter*.
Nor didst thou courage want, though thou didst kill
Thy father; and his precious blood didst spill;
Would thy valour had been happilier employ'd,
Though he were unwillingly by thee destroy'd.
For thou *Agisthus* kill'dst unluckilly,
And didst fulfill thy hapless fate thereby.
When *Achilles* urgeth this one fault of thine,
And before me doth make it a great crime:
My blushing colour, and my heart doth rise,
And my old love revives, and glowing lies
Within my breast, if that *Orestes* be
By any one accused to *Hermione*.

For

For then I have no ſtrength in any part;
As if a ſword were thruſt into my heart;
I weep, and then my tears my anger ſhow.
Which like two Rivers down my boſom flow.
Plenty of tears I only have, which riſe,
Wetting my cheeks from the ſprings of my eyes.
And this ſad fate, which happens unto me,
Hath been the fortune of our family,
I need not tell how *Jupiter* became,
To deceive us a fair and milk-white Swan.
How *Hippadamia* in a ſtrangers Chairot,
Over the *Helleſpont* was ſwiftly carried.
My mother *Helen*, in *Paris* took delight,
For whom the *Grecians* ten whole years did fight,
My Grand-father, my ſiſter and each brother
Began to weep for the loſs of my mother;
And *Leda* did her earneſt prayers prefer
Unto the gods, and to her *Jupiter*;
While I did tear my hair and to her cry'd,
Mother, muſt I without you here abide?
And leſt that I ſhould not be thought to be
Of *Peleus* moſt unhappy pregeny;
My mother being with *Paris* gone away,
I unto *Pyrrhus* was ſoon made a prey.
If *Achilles* had eſcap'd *Apollo*'s bow,
He would have then condemn'd his ſon, I know,
He knew By *Briſeis* loſs, which he could not brook,
That from their husbands wives ſhould not be took.
Why are the gods thus cruel unto me!
What ſad ſtar rul'd at my Nativity?
For in my younger years I was bereft,
Of my mother and was of my father left,
Who went unto the wars, yet ne'retheleſs
Although they liv'd, yet I was Parentleſs,

Nor could delight my mother, as you see
Children will do, with stammering flattery;
Nor round about her neck my weak arms clap,
While she would fondly set me on her lap.
Nor did she teach me how to dress my head,
Nor did she bring me to my marriage bed.
For when she did return (truth I le not smother)
I did not know her then to be my mother.
I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,
She knew not me when as I did my duty.
'Mongst all them miseries I most happy am,
That *Orestes* for my husband I did gain.
Yet he, alas, shall from me taken be,
Unless he do fight for himself and me:
Pyrrhus hath took me, and doth me enjoy,
This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*.
Yet while the Sun with his bright rayes doth shine,
My sorrows are more gentle all that time.
But when at night with grief I go to bed,
And on my pillow rest my weary head;
The tears, when I should entertain soft sleep,
Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weep;
And from my husbands side as far off lie,
As if he were to me a enemy.
Sometimes through grief forgetting where I am,
I have toucht some part of *Pyrrhus*, and again
I have pluckt back my hand; for I did grutch
That I his body with my hand should touch.
Such was my hatred, that I did esteem
My hands by touching him, had polluted been.
And it doth often chance that I do call
Pyrrhus, *Orestes*, and it doth befall,
I love my error, as a sign of luck,
When I have thy name, for his name mistook,

By

By *Jupiter*, from whom our houſe did riſe,
Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and skies,
I pray, by thy Fathers, and thy Uncles bones,
Which do reſt underneath their marble ſtones,
That I may preſently reſign my life,
Or elſe may be once more *Oreſtes* wife.

The Argument of the ninth of Epistle.

JUpiter *having joyned three nights in one, begot* Hercules *on* Alcmena, *in the shape of her husband* Amphytrio; Eurystheus *King of the* Mycenians, *by* Juno's *subtilty perswades him to attempt difficult labours, so to endanger his life. Yet he by strength and policy, always got the victory; and to obtain* Deianira *for his wife,* Achelous *a River of* Ætolia, *after many changes of shapes, he overthrew in the figure of a Bull; yet though he overcame many Monsters, he was overcome*

vercome by Love. For Eurythus, *King of* Oechalia *denying him his daughter* Iole, *formerly promised unto him, he took his City, slew* Eurythus *and obtained* Iole, *with whose Love he was so blinded, that at her command he laid by his Lyons skin and Club, and putting on womens cloaths, sat and spun amongst her Maids; and was as subject to* Iole, *as he had been to* Omphale *Queen of* Lydia, *on whom he begat* Lamus. *His wife* Deianira *Daughter of* Oenus *King of* Calydon, *understanding of his base and servile dotage, writes to him, and lays before him his former worthy acts, that this present disgrace by comparison with them might appear more to the life. But as she was writing she understood of* Hercules *suffering, by the shirt she had sent him dipt in the blood of the* Centaure Nessus, *to retain him from wandring affection (for so had* Nessus *perswaded her, whom in passing over the River* Evenus, Hercules *slew with a poysoned arrow) being much grieved hereat, she clears her self that she did not thereby intend his destruction, but the regaining of his love, and concludes with a* Tragical *resolution.*

DEIANIRA *to* HERCULES.

I Am glad thou *Oechalia* hast won,
For husbands honour doth the wife become.
But I am sorry that a Captives beauteous look
Should take the Conquerour, that hath her took.
When Fame the sad report at first did bring
To the Greek Cities on her nimble wing;
Me thought this action was not of the colour
Of those brave deeds, which shew thy glory fuller;
Whom *Juno*, nor her labours ever broke,
Iole made him yield unto her yoke.
Eurystheus is glad, and *Jupiters* wife,
To see this action blot thy fair spent life:
Nor can I think three nights were joyn'd in one
At thy begetting or conception.
Venus is worse than *Juno* thy step dame,
For by oppressing thee she rais'd thy fame.

But

But *Venus* makes thee baisely think it meet,
To put thy humble neck beneath her feet.
The world, inviron'd round with the blew seas,
Was settled by thy conquering hand in peace,
By which both sea and land enjoy sweet rest,
Thy fame is spread abroad from East to West.
Hercules strength, and *Atlas's* were even,
For *Hercules* and *Atlas* bore up heaven.
But yet with lust thy former deeds thou stain,
Thy glory turneth to thy greater shame.
In thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy Father,
When thou didst strangle two Snakes joyn'd together.
Thy child-hood and thy man-hood I do see,
But far unlike, and far most different be.
Thy beginning was far better than thy end,
The last act of thy life doth most offend.
Wild beasts, and enemies thou couldst overcome,
But Love the victory over thee hath won.
Some think I am well married, because I am
Wife to great *Hercules*; that very name
Is happiness; besides my Father-in-law
Is *Jove*, whose thunder keeps the world in awe.
But I am over-matched with thee now,
Unequal Oxen aukwardly do plough,
Thy honour like a burthen I do carry,
" Shee's fitly matcht, that doth her equal marry.
For *Hercules* is absent from me still,
While he fierce Monsters and wild beasts doth kill,
Thus widowed, I offer sacrifice,
Least thou shouldst be slain by thy enemies.
Methinks I see how thou dost take delight,
With Serpents, Boars and Lyons still to fight:
Strange visions in my sleep to me appear,
And my dreams oft put me into a fear.

Sometimes

Sometimes I do believe the common fame,
Sometimes I hope, sometimes I fear again,
My mother is from home, and doth complain,
Because her beauty did a God enflame.
Amphytrio thy own father is from home,
And little *Hyllus* also thy young son.
I only do perceive *Euryſtheus* hath
Made thee a ſacrifice to *Juno*'s wrath,
To perform labours he did thee perſwade,
Which done, the goddeſs wrath is not allay'd.
And to encreaſe my grief thou doſt approve
A captive maid, who is become thy love
I will not mention how thou didſt dally
With *Auge* in the ſweet *Parthenian* valley.
Or how the Nymph *Ormenes* was defil'd,
And wantonly by thee was got with child:
Nor will I urge it as a fault, not I,
Thou didſt with *Theſpius* fifty daughters lye.
That which grieves me was thy adultery,
Which thou committedſt with thy *Omphale*,
And on her didſt beget a baſtard ſon,
To whom I muſt a mother-in-law become.
The winding River which they call *Mæander*,
Who in his turning banks about doth wander,
Hath ſeen when *Hercules* a fine chain wore
On thoſe ſhoulders which heavens weight once bore.
Didſt thou not bluſh to wear a golden twiſt?
Or bracelet made of Pearl about thy wriſt?
Or that a golden bracelet ſhou'd contain
Thy brawny arms which haſt ſo ſtoutly ſlain
The *Nemean* Lion, whoſe rough ſhaggy hide
Thou didſt wear on thy ſhoulder and left ſide?
Nay beſides this thou didſt deſcend to wear
A Coif, or Kerchief on thy ſtubborn hair.

It were more fit thy Temples had been crown'd,
With victorious wreaths, than with a fillet bound.
Yet as if thou wert some young girle, thou hast
Worn *Omphale's* girdle round about thy wast.
Thou thought'st not of fiery *Diomede* as then,
Who fed his horses with th flesh of men.
Had *Busiris* seen thee dresst thus, he would be
Asham'd that he had been o'recome by thee.
Anteus may knock off his bolts, and chain,
And set is neck at liberty again,
For what captive is there with patience can
Suffer under such an effeminate man?
Besides, amongst the *Grecian* Maids ('tis said)
That thou didst sit, and spin, and wert afraid,
Lest thy mistress *Omphale*, when she espi'd thee,
Idle by chance, should frown on thee, and chide thee.
And thy victorious hands did not then scorn
To spin, which once such labours did perform.
For thou didst draw the thred with thy huge thumb
And gav'st account at night what thou hast spun.
Sometimes as thou sat'st spinning, thou hast broke
With boysterous handling, both thy wheel and rock:
And like a poor unhappy wretch, 'tis said,
That of thy mistress thou wert so afraid,
That if she chid thee, thou wouldst trembling stand,
For fear of swadling with a Holy wand;
And to win favour thou wouldst often tell
Of thy labours, which thou ought'st to conceal;
Discoursing unto her how thou hadst won
Much honour by those deeds which thou hadst done;
How in thy child-hood thou didst bold'y tear
The *Hydra's* speckled jawes, which hideous were;
How thou didst kill the *Erimanthean* Boar,
Which on the ground lay weltring in his goar.

And then of *Diomedes* didſt relate,
Who nail'd the heads of men upon his gate;
Fatting his pamper'd Horſes with their fleſh,
Untill thou didſt cruelty his ſuppreſs;
And how thou hadſt the monſter *Cacus* ſlain,
That kept his flocks upon the hills of *Spain*:
And of three-headed *Cerberus* thou didſt tell,
Who by his ſnaky hair thou drag'dſt from hell;
And how the *Hydra* by thy hand was ſlain,
Whoſe heads being lopt off would grow forth again,
And of *Anteus*, whom thou cruſht to death
Between thy arms, and didſt ſqueeze out his breath.
And how the *Centaurs* thou ſubdu'ſt by force
That were half men, and half like to a horſe,
When thou wert in ſoft ſilken robes arrai'd,
To tell theſe ſtories were not thou diſmai'd?
Did'ſt thou think whi'ſt thou didſt thy labours tell,
That a womans habit did become thee well?
While *Omphale* hath took thy Lyons skin
Away from thee, and dreſt her ſelf therein,
To boaſt now of thy valour it is vain.
For *Omphale* in thy ſtead plaies the man:
For ſhe in valour doth exceed thee far,
Since ſhe hath conquered the conquerour;
And by ſubjecting thee, ſhe now hath won
The glory, which did unto thee belong
O ſhame to think! the skin which thou didſt tear
Off the Lyons ribs thy *Omphale* doth wear;
Thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not the Lyons ſpoil;
Thou foil'dſt the Lyon, ſhe thy ſelf doth foil;
And ſhe that only knoweth how to ſpin,
To wear thy weapons alſo doth begin.
She takes the conquering Club into her hand,
And afterwards before her glaſs will ſtand,

Viewing

Viewing her self, to see what she hath done,
If that her husbands weapons her become.
I could not believe, when I heard it said,
The sad report unto my heart convei'd
Much grief; but now my wretched eyes beheld
The Harlot *Iole*, that thy courage quell'd.
Such are my wrongs, that I must needs reveal
My grief and sorrow I cannot conceal.
Thou brought'st her through the City in despight,
Because I should behold the hated sight;
Not like a Captive, with her hair unbound,
And a dejected look fixt on the ground;
But of rich cloath of gold her garments were,
Such as thy self in *Phrygia* did wear;
She in her passage graciously did look
On the people as if she had *Hercules* took;
As if her father liv'd and did command
Oechalia, which was raised by thy hand.
Deianira it may be thou wilt forsake,
And of thy former whore a wife wilt make;
So that *Hymen* shall both joyn the heart and hands
Of *Hercules* and *Iole* in his bands.
When in my mind these passages I behold,
My hands and limbs with fear grow stiff and cold.
In me thou formerly did'st take delight,
And for my sake two several times did'st fight;
Plucking off *Achelous* horn, who after
Did hide his head in his own muddy water.
And *Nessus* was slain by the poyson'd head
Of thy arrow, whose blood dy'd the River red.
But O alas! I heard abroad by fame,
Thou art tormented with much grief and pain,
By the shirt dipt in his blood, which I sent thee,
But yet indeed no harm at all I meant thee.

If it be ſo, then what am I become?
What is it that my furious love hath done?
O *Deianira* ſtraight reſolve to die,
So end at once thy grief and miſery.
Shall this ſame poiſon'd ſhirt tear off his skin?
And wilt thou live that hath the cauſer bin
Of all his torment? No, though not my life,
My death ſhall ſhew that I was *Hercules* wife.
And, *Meleager* I will ſhew thereby
My ſelf thy ſiſter, I'm reſolv'd to die.
O unhappy fate! *Oeneus* royal throne
(My Father who is very aged grown)
Agrius hath, *Tydeus* in forraign land
Doth wander ſtill, and in the fatal brand
Meleager periſh'd, and my mother kill'd
Her ſelf, and with her hand her own blood ſpil'd.
Then why doth *Deianira* doubt to die?
And ſo conclude this wicked tragedy?
Yet this one ſuit to thee I only move;
And beg this of thee for our former love;
That thou wouldſt not believe, or think I meant
To procure thy death, by that gift I ſent.
For when the cruel *Centaure* bleeding lay
With thy arrow in his breſt, he then did ſay,
This blood, if thou the vertue of it prove,
Will cauſe affection, and procure true love.
But now his treachery I have underſtood;
For I dipt a ſhirt into his poiſon'd blood;
And ſent it, which hath caus'd thy miſery;
O *Deianira* ſtraight reſolve to die.
Farewell my Father, *George* too farewell,
Farewell my brother and Country where I dwell.
And I do bid farewell to the day-light,
Of which my eyes ſhall never more have ſight.

Farewell

Farewel to *Hyllus* my young little son,
Farewel my husband; Death, I come, I come.

The Argument of the tenth Epistle.

MInos *the son of* Jupiter *and* Europa, *because the* Athenians *had treacherously slain his son* Androgeus, *enforced them by a sharp war to send him every year as a tribute, seven young Men, and as many young Virgins to be devoured by the* Minotaure, *which by* Dæ-

dalus

dalus *Art* Paſiphae *had by a* Bull, *while her husband* Minos *was at the* Athenian *wars. The lot falling on* Theſeus, *he was ſent amongſt the reſt; but* Ariadne *inſtructed him how to kill the* Minotaure, *and return again out of the Labyrinth, as* Catullus *ſaith,*

Errabunda regens tenui veſtigia filo.
Guiding his ſteps, which ſhe led,
By a Clew of ſlender thred.

Afterward Theſeus *departing from* Creet *with* Ariadne *and* Phædra, *he arriv'd at the Iſle* Nanos, *where* Bacchus *admoniſhed him to leave* Ariadne, *and he accordingly left her when ſhe was faſt aſleep: As ſoon as ſhe awaked, ſhe writ this Letter, complaining of* Theſeus *cruelty and ingratitude, and in a pitiful manner intreats him to come back again, and take her into his ſhip.*

ARIADNE *to* THESEUS.

I Have found all kinds of Beaſt much more mild
And gentle than thy ſelf, who haſt beguil'd
My truſt: for it had been more ſafe for me,
To have believ'd a ſalvage beaſt, than thee.
This Letter, *Theſeus*, from thence doth come,
Where thou did'ſt leave me, and away did'ſt run;
When I was faſt aſleep, then thou did'ſt leave me,
Watching that opportunity to deceive me:
It was at that time when the heavens ſtrew
Upon the earth their ſweet and pearly dew,
And the firſt waking birds did now begin,
In the cool boughs to tune their notes and ſing:
I being half aſleep and half awake,
Yet ſo much knowledg had, that for thy ſake,
With my hand I felt about thy warm place,
Thinking indeed my *Theſeus* to embrace:
I felt about the bed, but he was gone,
I felt about again, but there was none.

Then with my wretched hand I strook my breast;
And tore my loosen'd hair, that was undrest
The Moon shin'd bright, so that I looked o're
To the sea-ward, but saw nothing but the shore;
Now here, and there confusedly I ran,
The heavy sand did my swift feet detain:
At last I called *Theseus* on the shore;
The hollow Rocks thy Name did back restore;
The eccho call'd [illegible] many times as I,
And seem'd to help me in my misery.
There was a mountain topt with some few bushes,
Under those rocky sides the Sea still rushes:
On it I clamber'd up, Love gave me strength,
Whence I could see far unto sea at length:
From hence (for I the winds did cruel find)
Discern'd a ship that sail'd with the North wind;
I saw it, or I thought I did behold
It, which did make my heart half dead, and cold:
Yet sorrow would not suffer me to lie
Long in this Trance, but coming out of't I
Cry'd out O *Theseus!* whither dost thou run?
Return, O *Theseus*, and to me back come.
Turn back thy ship again for to take me,
Thou wantest one yet of thy company.
Thus did I cry, and strake my breast betwixt,
While blows and words were both together mixt.
Though thou could'st not hear me, yet I did stand
Spreading my arms abroad upon the land,
That thou might see me, and a white sling hung
To make thee see me, who from me didst run.
Thy ship at last did sail quiet out of my sight.
And then the tears ran down my cheeks outright.
For how could my sad eyes but chuse to weep,
After thy sails out of my sight did slip?

Abroad I wander'd with looſe flowing hair,
Like women that by *Bacchus* enraged are.
Sometimes I looking unto ſea would ſit
On a ſtone, as void as the ſtone of wit;
Then to the bed I walkt, where he had lain,
Which never ſhould receive us more again;
And it a pleaſure unto me did ſeem,
To touch the warm place where thy limbs had been:
And in the very place I down would lye,
With weeping tears, and thus begin to cry:
Sweet bed, we both have lain on thee together,
As two lay down, two ſhould have riſen together.
But I on this forſaken Iſle am left,
Of men and all humanity bereft.
The ſea encompaſſeth this Iſland round,
No ſhip or Pilot from this Iſle is bound.
Suppoſe I could a ſhip and wind command,
I dare not ſail back to my Fathers land.
Though my ſhip through the ſmooth ſea did glide on,
And winds ſtood fair, *I* am baniſht from home,
And from *Creet*, that a hundred Cities had,
Where *Jove* was nurſed when he was a lad.
I betray'd my Father by that plot *I* fram'd,
And Country, where he long uprightly reign'd.
And leſt thou in the Labyrinth had'ſt dy'd,
Gave thee a Clew of thred thy ſteps to guide.
By thoſe paſt dangers thou did'ſt ſwear to me,
That thou, while *I* did live, would'ſt conſtant be.
I live, and find thee falſe, if't may be ſaid
She lives, that by a falſe man is betray'd.
Would thy Club had kill'd me, as't did my brother,
Then in my death thou all my wrongs might'ſt ſmother.
Now *I* conceive what *I* muſt ſuffer here,
And what *I* may endure, doth urge my fear.

A thousand shapes of death methinks I see;
The fear of death is worse than death can be.
Now lest some Wolf should come, I am in fear,
Who with is greedy teeth my limbs should tear:
Perhaps this land doth yellow Lyons breed,
And cruel Tygers from this Isle proceed.
Perhaps great sea-calves on the shore abide,
Or else the sword may pierce my tender side.
Or like a Captive I may be enchain'd,
And unto servile labour be constrain'd;
Whose Father *Minos* was, and whose Mother
Was *Phœbus* daughter, which I need not smother.
And at which rather should remember'd be,
That I was once betrothed unto thee.
If I look to the shore, the land or sea,
The sea and land do seem to threaten me.
If to heaven, to the gods I dare not pray,
But I am left unto the wild beasts a prey.
The men that here inhabit I distrust,
Being deceiv'd by thee my fears are just.
I wish now that *Androgeus* did live.
Whose death occasion of that tax did give,
I wish, O *Theseus*, thy Club had not slain
The monster, half a beast, half a man.
Would I had not given thee a Clew of thred,
By which thy steps in coming back were led.
I wonder not thou got'st the victory,
Or that this *Cretian* beast was slain by thee.
Thou hadst an iron breast, which was so arm'd,
So that thou couldst not by his horns be harm'd.
Sure an obdurate Adamant was in't,
And *Theseus* was all o're as hard a flint.
O cruel sleep! why did I stumbering lye?
Would I had slept unto eternity.

O

O cruel winds! why did ye ſtand ſo fair,
As if ye did deſire to breed my care?
O cruel hand of thine! which hath ſlain me,
And my poor brother by infidelity.
My ſleep, the wind and thou, did all conſpire,
And to betray a maid did all deſire.
Now at my death my mother ſhall not weep,
Nor cloſe mine eyes up in eternal ſleep.
My hapleſs ghoſt ſhall wander in the air,
To embalm my body no friend ſhall care,
Sea-Vultures ſhall upon my carkaſs light,
For I ſhall have at all no funeral Rite.
But unto *Athens* when thou art come home,
Then thou ſitting upon thy royal Throne.
Shalt tell how thou the *Minotaure* did ſlay,
Out of the Labyrinth finding the right way;
And tell amongſt thy acts, how thou hadſt left
Me on this Iſland, of all help bereft.
Ægeus, nor yet *Æthra* cannot be
Thy Parents, Rocks were Parents unto thee.
If from thy ſhips decks thou hadſt ſpied me,
My ſad looks unto pity had mov'd thee
Th nk now thou ſeeſt me ſtanding on a Rock,
Whoſe chalky ſides the beating waves do mock.
See how my hair is o're my ſhoulders ſpread,
My garments wet with tears, that I have ſhed,
And how my body trembling to and fro,
Like ſhaking corn, which the North wind doth blow;
Or like ſome miſs-ſhap'd Letter I do ſtand,
That hath been written by a trembling hand.
To urge my merit I dare not perſume,
„No thanks are due to ſervice that is done.
Yet there's no reaſon thou ſhouldſt puniſh me
With death, becauſe from death I ſaved thee.

To thee my hands I heave up and do spread.
Which with beating my breast are wearied.
I entreat thee by my hair, which I do spread,
And by my tears for thy unkindness shed,
Turn back thy ship, O *Theseus*, for my sake;
Though I am dead, my carkass with the take.

The

The Argument of the eleventh Epistle.

MAcareus *and* Canace, *the son and daughter of* Æolus *King of the winds, did love one another, and thinking to colour over their incestuous fault with natural affection,* Canace *brought forth a son, and sending it out of the Court to be nurst abroad, the unhappy infant cryed, and so discovered it self to his Grandfather, who incensed with his childrens wickedness, commanded the innocent infant to be cast forth unto Doggs; and by one of his guard sent a sword to*

Canace, as a silent remembrance of her desire, wherewith she kill'd her self, writ before her death, she declares by this Epistle to Macareus, *who was fled into the Temple of* Apollo, *her own misfortune: entreating him to gather up the childs bones, and lay them with hers in the same turn or funeral Pitcher.*

CANACE *to* MACAREUS.

IF blootted Letters may be understood,
Receive this Letter blotted with my blood.
My right hand holds a Pen, my left a sword,
My Paper lies before me on the board.
Thus *Canace* doth to her brother write,
This posture yields my father much delight:
Who I do wish would a spectator be,
As he is Author of my Tragedy.
Who fiercer than winds blowing from the East,
With dry cheeks would behold my wounded breast.
For since to rule the winds he hath commission,
He's of his Subjects cruel disposition.
Over the Northern and South winds he raigns;
The wings of th' East and West winds he constrains.
And yet although the winds he doth command,
His sudden anger he cannot withstand.
The Kingdom of the winds he can restrain,
But over his own vices cannot raign.
For what although my Ancestors have been
Unto the gods and *Jupiter* akin?
Now in my fearful hand *I* hold a Sword,
That fatal gift, which must my death afford.
O *Macareus*, would that *I* had dy'd,
Before we were in close embraces ty'd.
More than a sister ought *I* did affect thee,
More than a brother ought thou didst respect me.

For

For I did feel, how *Cupid* with his dart
(Of whom I oft had heard) did wound my heart.
My colour ſtraight way did wax green and pale,
My ſtomach to my meat began to fail.
I could not ſleep, the night did ſeem a year,
I often ſigh'd, when no body did hear.
Yet why I ſighed, I no cauſe could ſhow;
I lov'd, and yet what love was did not know.
My old Nurſe found out how my pulſe did move,
And ſhe firſt told me that I was in Love:
But when I bluſhed with a down-caſt look,
Which ſilent ſigns ſhe for confeſſion took.
But now the burthen of my ſwelling womb
Grew heavy, being to full ripeneſs come.
What herbs and medicines did not ſhe, and I
Uſe, to enforce Abortive delivery,
Conceal from thee? Yet art could not prevail,
The quickned child grew ſtrong, our Art did fail.
And now nine Moons were fully gone and paſt,
The tenth in her bright Chariot made great haſt,
I know not whence my ſudden gripes did grow:
Nor what pains belong'd to childbirth did know:
I cry'd out, but my Nurſe my words did ſtay,
And ſtopt my mouth, as I there crying lay.
What ſhall I do? gripes force me to complain?
But my Nurſe, and fear of crying-out reſtrain.
So that I did ſuppreſs my groans, and cryes,
And drunk the tears that flow'd down from mine eyes.
While thus *Lucina* did deny her aid,
Fearing my fault in death ſhould be betray'd.
Thou by my ſide moſt lovingly didſt lye,
Tearing thy hair to ſee my miſery;
And with kind words thy ſiſter thou didſt cheriſh,
Praying that two might not at one time periſh.

And

And thou didst put me still in hope of life,
Saying dear sister thou shalt be my wife.
These words reviv'd me, when I was half dead,
So that I presently was brought to bed.
Thou didst rejoyce, but fear did me affright,
To hide it from my father *Æolus* sight.
The carefull Nurse the new born child did hide
In Olive boughs, with swadling vine leaves ty'd:
And so a solemn sacrifice did faign;
The people and my father believed the same,
Being near the gate, the child that straight did cry,
To his grandfather was betrayed thereby;
Æolus tearing forth the child, discries
Their cunning and pretended sacrifice.
As the sea trembles when light winds do blow,
Or as an Aspen leaf shakes to and fro,
Even so my pale and trembling limbs did make
The bed whereon I lay begin to shake,
He comes to me, my fault he doth proclaim,
And he could scarce from striking me contain,
I could do nothing else but blush, and weep,
My tongue tyed up with fear did silent keep.
He commanded my son should be straightway
Cast forth, and made to beasts and birds a prey.
And then he cry'd, so that you would have thought,
His crying had his Grandfather besought
To pity him: what grief it was to me,
Dear brother, you may guess, when I did see,
When I saw my child carried to the wood,
To feed the mountain Wolves, that live by blood,
When thus my child unto the woods was sent,
My father out of my bed-chamber went.
Then I did beat my tender brest at last,
And tore my cheeks, his sentence being past.

When

When straightway one of my Fathers Guard came in,
And with a sad look did this message bring;
Æolus sends this sword, and doth desire
Thee use it, as thy merit doth require.
His will (quoth I) be done, I'le use his sword,
My fathers gift shall my sad death afford.
O father, shall this sword the potion be,
And dowry which you mean to give to me?
O *Hymen* put out thy deceived light:
And nimbly now betake thy self to fight:
Ye furies bring your smoaky Torches all,
To light the wood at my sad funeral.
O sister, may you far more happ'ly marry
Than I, that by my own fault did miscarry.
Yet what could be my new-born babes offence,
Which might his Grandfather so much incense
Of death, alas, he could not worthy be:
For my offence, he's punished for me.
O Son! thou breed'st thy mother much annoy,
No sooner bred, but beasts do thee destroy.
O Son, the pledge of my unhappy love,
One day thy day of birth and death doth prove.
I had not time t'imbalm thee with my tears,
Nor in thy funeral fire to throw thy hairs;
To give the one cold kiss I had no power,
For the wild greedy beasts did thee devour.
But I sweet child, will straightway die with thee,
I will not long a childless Parent be.
And thou O brother, since it is in vain
For me to hope to see the once again;
Gather the small remainder, which the wild
And salvage beasts have left of thy young child
And with his mothers bones, let them have room,
Within one Urn, or in one narrow Tomb.

Weep

Weep at my funeral; who can approve thee.
For ſhewing love to her that once did love thee?
And here at laſt I do entreat thee ſtill,
To perform thy unhappy ſiſters will;
For I will kill my ſelf without delay,
And ſo my fathers hard command obey.

The Argument of the twelfth Epistle.

JAson *being a lusty comely young man: as soon as he arrived at* Colchos, Medea *the Daughter of* Æta *King of* Colchos, *& Hecate, fancied and entertained him; and upon promise of marriage, instructed him how he should obtain the booty he desired. Having gotten the golden Fleece, he fled away with* Medea. *Her father* Æta *pursuing after them, she tears in pieces her brother* Absyrtus *limbs, whom she had taken with her, thereby to stay her father while he gathered up*

her

his Sons bones. And so at length safely arriving in Thessaly, Jason *renewed his Father* Æsons *age, by* Medeas *help, who also made* Pelias *Daughters kill their Father. For pretending that she would make him young, as she had done* Æson, *she perswaded his Daughters, with a knife to let out all his old black blood, that she might infuse new fresh blood instead thereof. His Daughters having done so,* Pelias *straightway dyed;* Jason *hereupon, or for some other cause, repudiates* Medea, *and marries* Creusa *the daughter of* Creon *King of* Corinth; Medea *herewith enraged writes to* Jason, *expostulating with him of ingratitude, and threatens speedy revenge; unless he receive her again.*

MEDEA *to* JASON.

AT that time Queen of *Corinth* I did raign,
When thou didst seek by my art help to gain.
I wish my thred of life, which then was spun
By the three sisters, had been cut and done;
Then might *Medea* have dy'd innocent;
My life since then hath been a punishment.
Woe's me that ere the lusty youth of Greece
Sail'd hither, for to fetch the golden Fleece.
Would *Colchos* never had their *Argos* seen,
Would the Grecians ne're on our shoar had been;
Why was *I* with thy lovely brown hair took?
Or with thy tempting tongue and comely look?
Or at least when thy ship came to our shore,
Bringing thy self, with gallants many more,
I might have let thee run and found a death
By those fiery Oxen with their flaming breath.
I might have suffer'd thee to sow that seed,
Whence armed men did spring up and proceed,
That the sower might by his own tillage die,
When each ear of corn did prove an enemy.

They

They had prevented then thy treachery,
And kept me both from grief and misery.
To upbraid thy ingratitude pleases me,
In this alone I can triumph o're thee.
For when thy ship arrived at the shore
Of *Colchos*, where it nere had been before;
O then *Medea* was beloved there
Of thee, as thy new wife's beloved here.
My father was as rich as hers, he raign'd
O're *Corinth*, which 'twixt two Seas is contain'd.
My father possess'd all the Land which lay
Between *Pontus* and snowy *Scythia*.
My father did thy *Grecians* entertain,
Affording lodging to thee and thy train;
I saw thee then, then did of thee enquire,
And then thy love did set my heart on fire;
I saw thee, and that sight to love did turn,
While my heart did like a great Taper burn.
Thy beauty drew me to my destin'd fate,
And thy fair eyes my eyes did captivate,
Which thou perceiv'dst, for who can love conceal?
Whose glowing flame doth its own self reveal:
My father then commanded thee to yoak
Those Oxen that were to the plough ne'er broak;
For they were *Mars* his Oxen, whose horns were
Sharp; and their breath did like a flame appear.
They had brass hoofs, and nostrils arm'd with brass.
Blackt with the breath that through them did p[illegible]
And thou wert bid to sow in the large field
That seed which did an armed people yield.
Which sprung up, would assail thee straight again;
Thou for thy harvest such a crop shouldst gain;
And thy last labour was to charm asleep
The Dragon, that the golden fleece did keep.

When

When *Æetes* ſaid thus, you all ſtraight roſe,
And every one much diſcontentment ſhows.
So that you did your purple ſeats forſake,
And then the Table they away did take.
Great *Creons* daughter thou did'ſt now contemn,
And *Creuſas* dowry could not help thee then.
Sadly thou did'ſt depart, and diſcontent,
Yet my weeping eyes on thee ſtill were bent,
And as thou went'ſt away this one word fell,
In a ſoft murmure from thy tongue; Farewel.
And when I went to bed, I never ſlept,
Wounded with Love, all night I griev'd and wept.
The fierce Bulls were always before my eyes,
And the Armed men which from the earth did riſe;
And then the watchful Dragon did affright
My ſenſes, and was ſtill before my ſight.
Thus Love and Fear, my Breaſt at once did trouble,
My love of thee did make my fear to double.
At laſt it chanced that early in the morning,
My loving ſiſter came and found me mourning,
And lying on my face, with all my hair
Looſe ſpread, the pillow wet with many a tear,
She and two ſiſters more did me invade,
With fair intreaties, ſo to help and aid
Jaſon and his *Theſſalians*, who did want
My aſſiſtance, my love their ſuit did grant.
There is a wood ſo dark with thick-leav'd trees,
That the bright Sun but ſeldom through it ſees:
There doth a Chappel of *Diana's* ſtand,
Whoſe golden ſtatue there was rudely fram'd.
I know not whether this place is by thee
Forgotten, as thou haſt forgotten me.
We being thither come, thou then didſt break
Thy mind to me, and thus began'ſt to ſpeak.

My

My life and fortunes are at thy command,
My life and death are both within thy hand.
You may let me perish if so be you will,
But 'tis more Noble to perserve than kill.
Then by my present sorrows I entreat,
Which you can ease, if you the word would speak.
By thy kindred, and uncle *Phœbus*, who
Sees all things that on earth we mortals do.
By *Diana's* triple-face, and sacred rites,
And gods wherein this Nation delights.
O Virgin have some pity at this time
On me, and make me for ever thine.
And though I cannot hope the gods should be
So kind and favourable unto me;
Yet if you would be pleased now to take
A *Thessalian*, and him a husband make.
Then I do promise, I will faithful be,
And vow, that I will marry none but thee.
Let *Juno* be a witness to my vow,
And *Diana* in whose Temple we are now
Thou took'st me by the hand, whose words of thine.
A maidens fancy did straightway incline.
For such thy language was, as soon did move
My honest heart to entertain thy love.
By thy deceitfull tears I was betray'd
For they had power to betray a Maid.
So that the Bulls, whose breath like flames did smoak,
I taught thee how to tame, and how to yoak.
And thou did'st sow the Dragons teeth for seed,
Whence armed men did spring up and proceed.
I, that did give thee those securing charms,
Grew pale to see those new-sprung men in arms.
When straight those earth-bred brethren there in sight,
Did slay each other in a bloody fight.

The watchful Dragon now the earth did sweep,
While he upon his scaly breast did creep.
Where was the Dowry of thy royal wife?
Or King of *Corinth?* could they save thy life?
No it was I, that now am thus rejected,
And as a poor Enchantress disrespected,
I charm'd the Dragons flaming eyes asleep,
That thou mightst get the Fleece which he did keep.
My father I betray'd and I forsook,
My Country, and with thee a voyage took.
Though my life a sad banishment should be,
I was content to wander still with thee,
Thou of my Maiden-head did'st me deceive.
Who my Mother and my Sister both did leave.
Yet I left not my Brother; at that name,
Methinks my Pen stands still for very shame;
I fear to write that, which I did not fear
To do, 'twas I that did in pieces tear,
Thy scattered limbs, and when I had done so,
Guilty of thy blood, unto Sea did go.
And would the Gods had drown'd us in the Sea,
Thou for deceit, I for credulity.
I would our ship, as it along had past,
Our joyned bodies on some rock had dasht,
Or breaking *Scylla* had devoured us then,
Scylla should punish such ungrateful men.
I wish *Charybdis* had then pleased been,
With his round whirling waves to have suckt us in.
But thou in safety art to *Thessaly* come,
Offering the Golden-Fleece which thou hast won,
Unto the Gods. What should I mention
Pelias Daughters, whose intention
I wrong'd and made their virgin hands to kill
Their aged father and his blood to spill?

Though others blame me, thou muſt praiſe me needs,
Since from my love of thee my guilt proceeds.
Yet thou haſt caſt me off now ne're the leſs,
O I want words, that may my grief expreſs!
When thou didſt bid me go, I did obey
Thy cruel doom, and forthwith went away
With my two children, forthwith went I
And love, which alwaies bears me company.
But when I did of thy late marriage hear,
Where *Hymens* Torches burned bright and clear;
And that new muſick, with new marriage ſongs
Proclaim'd your wedding, and thy unkind wrongs;
I fear'd, and yet could not the news believe,
Yet a ſad coldneſs to my breaſt did cleave.
But when I heard them unto *Hymen* cry,
The more they cry'd, more as my miſery.
My ſervants wept, and yet they hide their tears,
To bring this ſad news to me each one fears.
And I do wiſh I had not known it ſtill,
But yet my mind did propheſie ſome ill.
When my young ſon, deſirous for to ſee
Some Novelty, as children uſe to be,
Standing at the door, did begin to cry,
Come Mother, ſee my Father paſſing by:
My Father *Jaſon*, who in pomp doth ride;
In's Charriot, with his new married Bride;
Then I did beat my breaſt, my cloths I rent.
To tear my cheeks, my fingers then were bent.
My mind did urge me to revnge my wrong,
And thruſt my ſelf among the Bridall throng.
And having ſnatcht the garland from thy head,
My arms about thy middle to have ſpread
And took poſſeſſion of that at that time,
And to the people cry'd aloud, He's mine.

Father rejoyce, *Colchians* now be glad,
My brothers ghoſt hath theſe infernals had;
For now I am forſaken, left, and croſt,
My Country, Houſe, and Kingdom I have loſt:
Nay I have loſt my Husband too; and he
Was a Kingdom of contentment unto me.
I that both Dragons, and wild Bulls could tame,
Yet by one man am conquered again.
I that could quench hot fire with Learned charms,
Can't quench the fire of love which my breaſt warms;
My charms and Art, and Potions do deceive me,
And *Hecates* witchcraſt cannot now relieve me.
Me thinks that I do hate the daies for light,
And ſorrow makes me lye awake all night,
And ſeldom is my miſerable breaſt
With any quiet gentle ſleep refreſht.
I made the Dragon faſt aſleep to fall,
But Art hath on my ſelf no power at all.
A whore imbraces him, whom I preſerv'd,
She reaps the fruit of that, which I deſerv'd;
And perhaps, whil'ſt thou ſtrive'ſt to pleaſe the ear
Of thy Bride, who thy boaſting tales doth hear
With admiration, thou doſt then diſgrace,
Either my behaviour, or homely face.
While out of fooliſh pride ſhe laughs at me,
And doth rejoyce at my deformity.
Let her laugh and lie down upon her quilt.
She ſhall weep, when ſhe hath my anger felt.
Medea will by ſword, or poiſon be
Revenged on her hated enemy.
But if unto my prayers thou wouldſt attend,
Unto entreaties I would now deſcend.
I will a ſuppliant become to thee,
Even at thy feet as thou haſt been to me.

If

If thou wilt not pity me, for my own ſake,
Yet on my children ſome compaſſion take,
Their ſtep-mother will moſt unkindly uſe them,
Nay and perhaps moſt cruelly abuſe them.
For they too much alas reſemble thee,
In them thy living picture I can ſee.
And ſince they are of thee a living Type,
When I behold them, I am weeping ripe
I intreat thee by the gods and the Sun
My Uncle, and by that which I have done
For thy ſake, and by my two Children dear
Which the pledges of our true affection were;
Return to my bed, who left all for thee,
Be conſtant as thou didſt promiſe to me.
Againſt fierce Bulls thy aid I do not ſeek,
Or to charm the watchfull Dragon faſt aſleep.
Thee I deſire, whom *I* deſerved have
By Children had by thee, thee I do crave.
If thou deſir'ſt a Dowery, I did yield
A Dowry, which was told out in the field,
Which *I* did make thee plow, while thou didſt ſtay
Only to bear the Golden Fleece away.
My Dowry was the Golden Ram, which had
This Golden Fleece, and was ſo richly clad.
This was my Dowry, and ſhould I ask thee
To reſtore it back, thou wouldſt deny it me.
My Dowery was the preſerving thy ſelf,
Can *Creons* Daughter bring thee ſo much wealth?
That thou doſt live and haſt another Bride,
It was my gift, elſe thou hadſt ſurely dy'd:
And it was I, that gave thee life to be
Thus thankleſs, and ungrateful unto me.
I will revenge-yet what doth it pertain
Unto revenge, if I my wrath proclaim;

And tell what puniſhments on you ſhall light ?
" The cloſeſt anger doth moſt deadly ſtrike.
I'le follow as my rage doth lead me on.
Though I repent the act when it is done.
For I repent that I ſhould e're perſerve.
A man, that doth ſo ill of me deſerve.
The winged God hath ſeen from the blew sky
My wrongs my ſorrows, and my injury.
And with a rage he hath inſpir'd my heart
To plot, and act e're long ſome Tragick part.

The

The Argument of the thirteenth Epiſtle.

PRoteſilaus *the Son of* Iphyclus *ſailing, as* Homer *reports with forty ſhips to* Troy, *was ſhut up with the reſt of the* Grecians, *in* Aulo *d Haven of* Bœotia, *which when his wife* Laodamia, *the Daughter of* Acaſtus *and* Laodathea *underſtood, ſhe dearly loving her Husband, and being troubled much with dreams, writ this Epiſtle unto him: and admoniſhed him to remember the* Oracle, *and abſtain*

from the wars. For the Oracle *had given this answer to the* Grecians, *that he should perish, that first went a shore, and set foot upon the* Trojan *ground: But courageous* Protesilaus *was the first that landed and was slain by* Hector.

LAODAMIA *to* PROTESILAUS.

Laodamia doth to thee send health,
Wishing that she might come to thee her self.
I hear that thou in *Aulus* art wind-bound,
Would *I* had of the winds such favour found,
To resist thy going hence, and hinder it,
Then for the Sea to grow rough it was fit.
Then *I* had kissed thee oftner, and at large
Had spoken more and given thee thy charge.
But when the wind stood fair, thou couldst not stay,
For it did drive thy swelling sails away.
Thy Mariners had what they did require,
It was not *I*, that did this wind desire.
The wind that for the Mariners stood fair,
Stood cross for thee and *I*, that lovers were;
And me from *Protesilaus* did divide
While we were both in sweet embraces ty'd.
My broken words short of my meaning fell.
I scarce had time to speak this word, farewel.
For the North wind thy hollow sails did stretch,
And from me did *Protesilaus* fetch.
I lookt as long as *I* thy ship could see,
And *I* did send a long look after thee.
When thou wert out of sight, yet *I* could see,
Thy ship, and to behold it pleased me:
But when both thee, and thy swift sailing ship,
Out of my sight did both together slip.
A sudden darkness in my eyes I found,
And presently I fell down in a swound.

So

So that my mother and old *Acaſtus* too,
Although much diligence they both did ſhow,
Could fetch me back to life, although at laſt,
Cold water they into my face did caſt.
Their needleſs love was thus expreſſ'd, but I
Am ſorry that they did not let me dye:
For when my ſenſes did return again,
My love returned too with a new flame;
And chaſt affection could not ſpare my breaſt:
'Thoſe who do love, muſt never hope to reſt.
Now I took no delight to dreſs my hair,
Nor to wear rich apparel took I care.
And as thoſe women *Bacchus* hath inſpir'd
With a touch of his Viny ſtaffe, and fir'd
Their boſomes, that they run now here, now there;
Such did I in my furious rage appear,
The talking wives of *Phylace* did come
To comfort me, and thus their ſpeech begun.
Laodamia courage take, put on
Such royal robes as may your birth become.
Alas! ſhall I in purple robes delight,
While that my husband at *Troy*'s wall doth fight;
Shall I my hair in curious manner dreſs?
While a weighty Helmet doth his hair preſs;
Shall I in new apparel gay appear,
While my Lord doth a Coat of Armour wear?
While thou art at the wars, like one forlorn
In carleſs habit I at home will mourn:
O *Paris*, thou that waſt born to deſtroy
With thy freſh beauty the old City *Troy*.
As thou wert a wanton gueſt, mayſt thou be
A coward, and a milk ſop enemy.
Would *Helena* had not unto thee ſeem'd
So fair, nor ſhe thy beauty ſo eſteem'd,

O *Menelaus*, thou with earneſt ſtrife
Do'ſt labour to regain again thy wife.
Woe's me I fear thy ſad revenge will make
Many eyes weep, and many hearts to ake.
The Gods from all ill-fortune us defend,
That my returning Husband may commend
His arms to *Jupiter*: but when I muſe,
Or think upon the wars, I cannot chuſe
But weep, and down my cheeks the tears do run,
Like ſnow when it is melted by the Sun.
When of *Ilium* or *Tenedos* I hear,
Thoſe names do put me in a ſudden fear.
When of *Simois* and *Xanthus* I have heard,
Or *Ida*, theſe ſtrange names make me afeard.
Nor had *Paris* ſtole *Helen*, if at length
He meant to reſign her, he knew his ſtrength,
For ſhe did come in royal robes of Gold,
Adorn'd with Jewels, glorious to behold.
And with a warlike Fleet to *Troy* ſhe came,
The *Trojans* ſhew'd their great ſtrength by her train.
And as *Helen* was fetched by this fleet,
So I fear it ſhould with the *Grecians* meet.
There is one *Hector* of whom I do hear,
A valiant man, and him I greatly fear.
For *Paris* ſaid that *Hector* ſhould affright
The *Grecians*, and begin the bloody fight.
If I be ſhe whom thou doſt love moſt dear,
Take heed of *Hector*, him I only fear,
His name doth fill my thoughts with much unreſt,
And is engrav'd upon my troubled breaſt.
And as thou ſhunneſt him, ſo alſo ſhun
Others, for many *Hectors* thither come.
And as oft as thou doſt prepare to fight,
Say to thy ſelf theſe words which I do write:

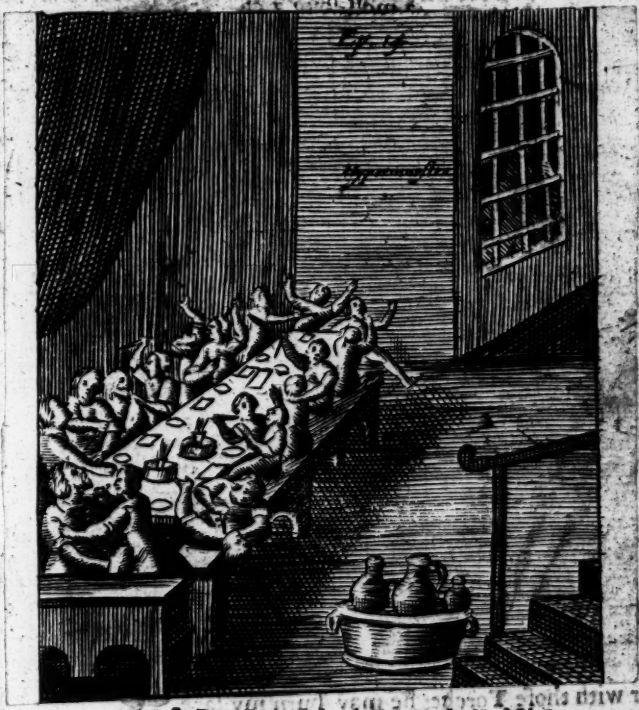
Laodamia charg'd me care to take,
And keep my ſelf from danger for her ſake.
If the *Grecians* raze *Troy* unto the ground,
May'ſt thou come from the ſiege with ne're a wound
Let *Menelaus* with the *Trojans* fight,
And take from *Paris Helena*, his right
And when he chargeth on the enemy,
Let his good cauſe give him the victory
It behov'd *Menelaus* with ſtout blows
To fetch his wife from the inſulting foes;
But thy caſe unto his is far unlike,
And therefore I do wiſh thee ſo to fight,
That when the wars are done thou mayſt return,
And in thy loving boſom lie full warm.
You *Troians* I intreat you to ſpare one
Of all thoſe enemies againſt you come;
For every drop of blood that doth proceed
From his vains from my veins doth alſo bleed.
Proteſilaus no ſtrong blows can ſtrike
With his drawn ſword, nor ſtand the puſh of Pike,
Let *Menelaus* fight whom rage doth move,
Let others fight, let *Proteſilaus* love.
For I muſt needs confeſs I had a mind
To have called him back, but no ſtrength could find,
For my tongue ſtop'd, before the words were ſpoken,
And my ſpeech broke off, which was but a bad token.
And at the threſhold of my fathers gate
Thy foot did ſtumble, and did trip thereat,
Which hath been always counted for a ſign,
Whereby we may of ſome ill luck divine.
Which when I did behold I was afraid,
And thus unto my ſelf in ſecret ſaid:
I hope the ſtumbling of his foot ſhall be,
A ſign, my Husband ſhall return to me.

Theſe things unto thee I do now relate,
That I thy courage may thereby abate.
And I do wiſh, that I at laſt may find,
The fears are vain, which now moleſt my mind.
Beſides the *Oracles* ſay, he who ſhall
Land firſt upon the *Trojan* ground, ſhall fall
Firſt by the ſword, unhappy ſure is ſhe
That by the wars that th: firſt widow be:
Heaven defend thee, that thou may'ſt not ſhew
Thy valour leſt thy valour I do rue.
Let thy ſhip be the laſt to ſhore doth ſtand,
Let thy ſhip be the laſt doth come to Land.
Of all that goes on ſhore be thou the laſt,
Unto thy fathers Land thou doſt not haſt.
But when thou comeſt back, then do not fail
To uſe thy Oars, and clap on all thy ſail.
Then make thou haſte to come out of thy ſhip,
And on the welcome ſhore moſt nimbly skip.
When *Phœbus* lyeth hid or ſhines moſt bright,
I think upon thee both by day and night.
Yet more thee by night than day, for night
Is the ſweet time, that yieldeth Maids delight.
For then they lye within their ſweet-hearts arm,
Who with their cloſe embraces keep them warm;
While in my widows bed *I* lie at leaſure,
Wanting true joy, I think on former pleaſure.
And then a dream doth yield me ſome delight,
Sometimes again my dreams do me affright.
Me-thinks I ſee thee with a viſage pale,
Telling to me a ſad and mournful tale.
Then waking out of my black dream, I riſe,
And for thy ſafety offer ſacrifice
With Frankincenſe, which I with tears bedew,
So that in burning, it doth brighter ſhew.

As

As when we pour oyl on a dying flame,
It doth begin to rise, and blaze again.
O when will that most happy season come;
That I shall embrace thee at coming home;
With such a sweet excess of joy, till I
Languish with pleasure, and embracing dye.
When wilt thou tell me, when we are a bed,
How many thou in war hast conquered;
And in the mid'st of thy sweet story leave;
To kiss me, and a kiss from me receive;
While that a kiss is the full point to stay
Thy speech, refreshed by this sweet delay.
But when I think of *Troy*, the seas and wind,
Then fear doth drive all hope out of my mind.
And I do fear, because thy ships are stay'd.
By winds, as if to stay thee they assay'd.
Who will sail with cross wind to his own Land?
Thou from thy Country fain'st, when winds withstand.
Neptune will not permit you for to come
Unto his City, and therefore come home.
Spare going *(Grecians)* the winds do forbid,
And some divine power in the wind is hid,
By these wars you seek only to regain
An adulteress, O turn your ships again.
But why should I recall thee back thus now,
Let calm winds smooth again the Seas rough brow:
I envy now the *Trojan* Lames, who shall
With grief behold their husbands funeral.
On her husbands head the new married Bride
Shall put a Helmet, and when she hath ty'd
His armour close unto him, and doth make
Him ready, she a kiss from him shall take.
Such dutiful imployment is a bliss,
Her service is rewarded with a kiss.

And being arm'd compleatly there at large
She may give to him a [illegible]roving charge:
Charging him as he tendreth her love,
To return, and offer his arms to *Jove*.
And he obeying her command will be
Carefull to fight abroad more warily.
And when he cometh home, she will unlace
His Helmet, and him in her arms imbrace.
To me in absence, fear doth sorrow bring,
And I conceive the worst of every thing.
Yet while that thou unto the wars art gone,
I have a Picture made in wax at home.
And fondly unto it I often talk.
And do imbrace it, as by it I walk.
Thy shape in it so lively doth appear,
Could it speak, it *Protesilaus* were.
On it I look, and often it behold,
And for thy sake do in my arms enfold;
And to thy picture often I complain,
And if thy picture could reply again.
By thee in whom my Soul alone delights,
By our true love and equal marriage rites;
And by thy life which I do wish you may
Bring back, although thy hair be turned gray?
I vow if thou pleasest to send to me,
I will obey, and straightway come to thee,
For whether thou dost chance to live or die,
In life or death I'le bear thee company.
Of my Letter this shall the conclusion be,
Take care of thy self if thou car'st for me.



The Argument of the fourteenth Epistle.

DAnaus *the Son of* Belus, *had by several wives fifty Daughters, unto whom his brother* Ægyptus *desired to marry his fifty Sons, but* Danaus *having been informed by the Oracle, that he should dye by the hands of a Son-in-Law, to avoid that danger he takes ship, and sails to* Argos; Ægyptus *being angry because he had despised his offer, sent his Sons with an Army to besiege him, charging them not to return until they had slain* Danaus, *or married*

ried his Daughters. He enforced by siege yieldeth up his Daughters, wherewith the Sword which their Father had given them, according to his command, at night when the young men warm'd with wine and jollity were fallen fast asleep, every one killed her husband, except Hypermnestra *only, who out of Compassion spared and preserved her husband* Linus, *whom* Eusebius *call'd* Linceus *advising him to return to his father* Ægyptus *and discover the conspiracy. But her Father* Danaus *perceiving that all his Daughters had executed his will with bloody obedience, excepting* Hypermnestra, *he commanded her to be kept in Prison. Whereupon in this Epistle she intreats her uncle and Husband* Linus, *whom she had preserved, either to help her and free her from her Captivity, or if she died to see her honourably buried. But at last* Linus *killed* Danaus, *and set her at liberty.*

HYPERMNESTRA *to* LINUS.

Hypermnestra sends to thee who dost remain
Of many brothers by their own Wives slain,
I for thy sake am in close Prison pent,
And for saving thee do endure punishment.
I am guilty because I did spare thy blood.
"A prosperous wickedness is counted good,
Yet I repent not, since that *I* had rather
Keep my Father from blood, than please my Father.
Though my Father in that sacred fire may
Burn me, which we toucht on our wedding day,
Or with those Torches he may burn my face,
Which on our wedding-day did brightly blaze.
Or although he do kill me with that sword,
Because to kill thee *I* could not afford.
He shall not make me say, that *I* repent
Of a good work, it is not my intent:
I am griev'd for my sisters cruel fact,
For sad repentance follows a bad act.

The

The ſad remembrance of that bloudy night;
Makes my heart and hand tremble while I write.
My husband could not by my hand have dy'd
Which ſhakes, while I this murder would deſcribe,
Yet I will try, it was about twilight;
Which endeth day, and doth begin the night,
When as we fifty ſiſters were brought all
With royal ſtate into the Caſtle hall.
Whereas *Egyptus*, without dread or fear,
Received us for Daughters who arrived were.
The flaming Tapers ſhin'd like ſtars in Heaven,
And ſweet incenſe unto the fire was given.
The common people did on *Hymen* cry,
But from this fatal marriage he did flie;
And *Juno* did from her own City run;
Fair *Argos* that ſhe might this wedding ſhun,
And the young mens drunken heads were bound
About with flowers, and with Garlands crown'd.
The bridemen with great joy, dreading no danger,
Did bring them to their fatal Bridal chamber,
And laid their heavy bodies on the bed,
On which they were like funeral hearſes ſpread.
They being now with wine and ſleep oppreſt;
And all the City quiet and at reſt,
Me thoughts the groans of dying men I heard,
And ſo it was whereat I grew afeard:
So that my warm bloud and my colour fled,
And left my body cold upon the bed,
As ſoft and gentle weſtern winds do make
The Corn to move and *Aſpin* leaves to ſhake;
So I trembled, while thou laidſt at that time
Entranc'd with drinking ſleep-procuring wine,
Thinking to obey my fathers ſad command
I ſat up, and took the ſword in my hand;

The truth *I* speak, three times I rais'd the sword
To strike, and yet to strike my hand abhor'd.
My fathers command did my courage whet;
So that his sword unto thy throat I set,
But fear and love would not let me proceed,
My chaste hand would not act that tragick deed:
Then off my hair I tore the flaxen wealth,
And softly thus did reason with my self:
Hypermnestra, thou hast a cruel father,
Therefore obey his commands the rather,
Take courage, and obey thy fathers will,
And boldly with the rest thy Husband kill.
Yet since I am a young maid, my hands be
Unfit to act a bloody Tragedy.
Yet imitate thy sisters now again:
Who have by this time all their husbands slain:
Yet if this hand a murther could commit
To stain it with my own blood it were fit.
Do they deserve death, because they possess
Our father's kingdom; which yet ne'retheless.
Some strangers might from him away have carried,
As dowries given them when we were married,
Though they deserve death, what shall we do less,
If we commit this deed of wickedness?
Maids do not love a sword, or killing tool,
My fingers fitter are to spin soft wooll;
Having thus complain'd, my tears began to rise
And dropped on thy body from my eyes.
And while thy arms about me thou didst put,
Thy hand through with the sword hadst almost cut;
And lest my father should surprize and take thee,
With these words I did suddenly awake thee.
Rise *Lois* who dost now alone survive,
Of all thy brethren none are left alive:

Make

Make haſt, I ſay, betake thy ſelf to flight,
Make haſt, or elſe thou wilt be ſlain to night,
Awak'd from ſleep, thou didſt amazed ſtand,
To ſee the glittering ſword ſhine in my hand;
And I did wiſh thee for to fly away
By night and ſave thy ſelf while I did ſtay,
In the morning when *Danaus* came to view
His ſons, which his moſt bloudy daughters ſlew,
He ſaw them laid in deaths eternal ſlumber,
Yet one was wanting to make up the number,
And angry, that ſo little blood was ſpill'd,
Becauſe I my Husband had not kill'd;
My father without any love or care,
Drag'd me along even by my flaxen hair.
And ſtraight way did command I ſhould be caſt
Into a priſon, this was my reward at laſt.
For *Juno* ſtill on us doth bend her brow,
Since *I* was transform'd into a Cow;
Yet puniſhment enough by her was born,
When *Juno* did her to a Cow transform.
When ſhe that was ſo fair could not in height
Of pleaſure yield great *Jupiter* delight,
On the bank of the River *Inachus* now
She ſtood, cloth'd in the ſhape of a white Cow,
While in her fathers ſtream both clear and cold,
The ſhadow of horns ſhe did behold;
And low'd aloud, when ſhe to ſpeak aſſai'd,
Her ſhape and voice did make her both afraid.
Why doſt thou fly from thy own ſelf alas,
Or admire thy ſhape in that watry glaſs?
Thus ſhe that was great *Jupiters* chief Laſs,
Is enforc'd to feed on dry leaves and graſs.
Thou drink'ſt ſpring-water, and art in amaze
When on thy ſhadow thou doſt look and gaze.

And of those spreading horns which thou dost bear
Upon thy head, thou seem'st to stand in fear;
And she whose beauty *Jupiter* did wound,
Now lyeth every night on the bare ground.
O're hills and rivers thou abroad dost stray,
O're seas and countries thou dost find thy way.
And yet O *Jo* thou canst not escape,
Or changing places, change thy outward shape,
What hast? thy self thou follow'st and dost fly,
Thy self doth always bear the company;
Where *Nilus* seven streams to the sea do run,
There she unto her former shape did come.
But why should I such ancient tales relate;
I have cause to complain of my own fate.
My father and my Uncle do wage war,
And we out of our Kingdom banished are;
And he our royal Scepter now doth sway,
While miserable we like pilgrims stray;
Of fifty brethren thou alone art left,
For their deaths, and my sisters I have wept.
My sisters and my brothers both slain were,
For whose sakes, I can't chuse but shed a tear.
And because thou in safety dost survive
To be tormented I am kept alive.
What punishment shall they expect that be
Guilty; when they for goodness condemn me,
And I must die, because I would not spill
My brothers bloud, and cruelly him kill.
If therefore thou respectest me thy wife,
Or loveſt me, because I sav'd thy life;
Help me, or if I die, I thee desire,
To lay my body on the funeral fire.
Embalm my bones with thy moist tears, and then
See that thou carefully do bury them.

And let this Epitaph be engraved on
My Sepulcher or on my Marble-ſtone:
" *Hypermneſtra* here under neath doth lye;
" That was ill rewarded for her piety;
" For ſhe moſt like unto a faithful wife,
" Did loſe her own to ſave her husbands life.
My trembling hand is tired with the weight
Of Chains, or elſe I would more largely write.

The Argument of the fifteenth Epistle.

PAris, otherwise called Alexander, saying to Lacedemon to fetch Helena, which Venus had promised him, was honourably received by Menelaus, but Menelaus and Menos kindred going to Greece, to divide Atreus his wealth, left Paris at home, charging his wife to use him with as much respect as himself. But Paris improving the opportunity, began to woo and court Helena to gain her love. In this Epistle he artifically discovers his affection, and with amorous

boasting

boasting endeavours to insinuate into her affection. And because he knew that women love to hear their birth and beauty praised, Paris *endeavours by flattery to gain her favour, singing her praises, and striving to disgrace her husband. And at last perswades her to go with him to* Troy *where he would keep her by force.*

PARIS *to* HELENA.

Paris sweet *Helena*, wisheth health to thee,
That health, which you can only give to me.
Shall *I* speak, or need not *I* my flame reveal?
You know *I* love you, nor can *I* conceal
My love which *I* could wish might hidden be,
Till time did give the opportunity.
Without all fear most freely to discover,
My self to be your faithful constant Lover.
But yet who can the fire of love conceal?
Which by its own light doth it self reveal.
Yet if thou look'st that *I* my grief should name,
Then know *I* love thee, these lines shew my flame.
And *I* intreat you to have pity on me,
Because my present sufferings proceed from thee.
With a frowning countenance read not the rest,
But such as may become thy beauty best.
Thy receipt of thy Letters joyeth me,
And cherish hope that *I* at last shall be
Receiv'd into thy favour which *I* wish,
That *Venus* may her promise keep in this.
For Loves fair Mother first perswaded me,
To take this journey, in hope to gain thee;
And lest thou shouldst through ignorance offend,
By divine appointment I came to this end.
Venus perswaded me to undertake
This journey, which she would propitious make.

For since that *Venus* promis'd me, that you
Should be my wife, I challenge it as due.
For her perswasions made me to take ship
From *Troy*, and unto *Lacedemon* skip.
And she did make the wind most fair to stand,
She that's sprung from the Sea might it command.
And as she smooth'd the Sea, and calm'd the wind,
So may she make thy breast most soft and kind.
I did not find love here, I brought the flame
With me, and to obtain thy love I came.
By wandring storms I was not hither drove,
My Ship was guided hither by true love.
Nor came I hither like a Merchant-man,
I have wealth enough, the Gods it maintain.
Nor yet the *Grecian* Cities here to view,
For richer in my kingdom I can shew.
'Tis thee I ask, 'Tis thee I only crave,
Whom *Venus* promis'd me that *I* should have.
I askt thee of her when *I* did not know thee,
She promis'd that she would on me bestow thee,
For of thy beauty *I* had heard by fame,
Before mine eye had e're beheld the same.
Yet 'tis no wonder, if that *Cupids* Bow,
With feathered arrows makes me cry *Amo:*
Since by unchanged fates it's so ordain'd,
Then do not thou their hidden will withstand.
And that you may believe it is my fate,
Receive the truth, which *I* will here relate.
When that my mother was with child,
And daily did expect delivery,
She dream'r, for in her dream it so did seem,
That of a fire-brand she had deliver'd been.
She rises, and to *Priam* doth unfold
Her dream, which he unto his Prophets told.

Who

Who straight foretold that *Paris* should destroy,
And like a kindled brand set fire on *Troy*.
But *I* do think they rather might divine,
That brand did signifie this love of mine.
And though *I* like a Shepherds son was bred,
My shape, and spirit soon discovered
That *I* had not been born the son of earth,
But that *I* claim'd Nobility by birth.
In the *Troy* valleys there's a place,
Which many trees with a cold shade do grace,
Wherein no Sheep do feed nor any Oxe,
Nor Goats, that love to climb upon high Rocks.
Here looking towards *Troy*, and to the Sea,
I stood and lean'd my self against a tree.
The truth *I* tell, methought the earth then shook,
As if oppressed with some heavy foot,
And presently swift *Mercury* from the skies,
Descended down and stood before mine eyes,
And therefore what *I* saw *I* may unfold,
The God had in his hand a rod of Gold.
And three Goddesses, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Pallas*,
Did set their tender Feet upon the Grass.
Then cold amazement stiffned my long Hair,
But winged *Mercury* bid me not to fear.
" Thou art, says he, chosen to judge and end
" The matter, 'twixt these Goddesses, who contend
" About their beauty, say they, which shall be
" Accounted the most beautiful of three.
This Message *I* from *Jupiter* do bring,
Which having said, he from the earth did spring,
And through the air did a quick passage make,
And by his words *I* did more courage take.
So that my mind more fortified grew,
And dreadless I each one of them did view.

Who unto me so beautiful did appear,
I could not judg which of them fairest were,
Yet one of them my fancy did approve,
Her beauty shew'd she was the Queen of Love,
But they contending which should fairest be,
Did all with most rich gifts solicite me,
Juno did fairly promise *I* should be,
A mighty Monarch, *Pallas* promis'd me
Learning, so that a doubt did now arise,
Whether *I* would chuse to be great or wise.
But *Venus* smiling then, *Paris*, says she,
Those gifts of theirs but glorious troubles be,
I'le give thee *Helena*, thou shalt hereafter
In thy arms imbrace *Leda's* fair daughter.
Thus both her gift and beauty conquer'd me,
So that to her *I* gave the victory.
And afterward my fate so kind was grown,
That now to be the Kings son *I* was known,
At my instalment all the Courts did joy,
Kept as a yearly festival in *Troy*:
And as *I* lov'd, *I* was belov'd of many,
But for thy sake *I* would not match with any.
Kings and Dukes daughters did of me approve,
And fairest Nymphs with me did fall in love,
Yet all of them were but despis'd of me,
After *I* had this hope of marrying thee.
Day and night in my mind *I* thee did keep,
And thinking on thee *I* would fall asleep.
How comely would thy presence sure have been
Whose beauty wounded me although unseen;
I was enflamed with a strange desire,
Burning when *I* was absent from the fire.
My hopes *I* could no longer now contain,
But to Sea put forth, my wish to obtain;

And now the lofty Phrygian Pines I fell'd,
And trees for building ships most fitting held.
The Woods of *Gargarus*, and *Ida* did yield,
Great store of trees, wherewith I Ships did build.
I built their Decks, and lined the Ship side
With planks of Oak, which might a storm abide;
And did Rig, and Tackle them beside
With Ropes, and Sayls which to the Yards were ty'd;
And I did set on the Stern of the Ship,
The Image of those Gods which did it keep,
And on my own Ship *I* did make them paint
Venus and *Cupid* that it might not want
Her safe protection, who had promis'd me,
By her assistance I should marry thee.
Soon as my Fleet was builded thus and fram'd,
To Sea I presently resolv'd to stand;
My Father and Mother, when I did require
Their leave to go, would not grant my desire,
Or licence me, and therefore to have staid
My intended journey, both of them assaid.
My Sister *Cassandra* with loosned hair,
When as my Ships even weighing anchor were,
Said, whither goest thou; thou shalt bring again,
By crossing the Seas, a destroying flame:
The truth she said; for I have found a fire,
Love hath enflam'd my soft Breast with desire,
A fair wind from the Port my Sails did drive,
And I in *Helena*'s Country did arrive,
Where thy Husband did me much kindness show:
And sure the Gods decreed it should be so.
He shew'd me all that worthy was of sight
In *Lacedemon* to breed me delight.
But there was nothing that my fancy took,
But only thee and thy sweet beauteous look:

For

For when I saw thee I was even amaz'd,
My heart was wounded while on thee I gaz'd:
For I remember *Venus* was like thee,
When she would have her beauty judg'd by me.
And if thou hadst contended with her, I
Had surely given thee the victory.
For the report of thee abroad was blown,
Thy beauty was in every Country known.
For through all Nations where the Sun doth rise,
Thy beauty only bears away the prize,
Believe me, fame did not report so much
As thou deserv'st, thy beauty seemeth such,
That *Theseus* did not thy love disdain,
And to steal thee away did think't no shame?
When suiting to the *Lacedemonian* fashion,
Thou didst sport with the young men of thy Nation.
In stealing thee I like his just desire,
But how he could restore thee I admire.
For such a beauteous prey had sure deserv'd,
To have been kept and constantly preserv'd.
For before thou shouldst been took from my bed,
Before I would lose thee, I would lose my head.
Alas, could I have ere so forgone thee,
Or while I liv'd have let thee been took from me?
Yet if *I* must restore thee needs at last,
I would have yet presum'd to touch, and tast
The golden apples of thy Virgin tree?
And not send thee back with Viginity;
Or if that *I* had spar'd thy Virgin treasures,
I would have rifled some other pleasures.
Then grant thy love to *Paris*, who will be,
While *I* live most constant unto thee.
I will be constant to your own desire,
My love and life shall both at once expire.

Before

Before great Kingdoms *I* preſerved thee,
Which royal *Juno* promis'd unto me.
And learning, *Pallas* gift, *I* did refuſe,
And to enjoy thy ſweet ſelf *I* did chuſe,
When *Juno*, *Venus*, and fair *Pallas* too,
Their naked bodies unto me did ſhew;
And in the *Idean* valleys did not grudge,
In caſe of beauty to make me their Judge,
Yet I do not repent of my election,
My mind is conſtant to my firſt affection.
I beſeech thee let not my hope prove vain,
Who ſpar'd no labour in hope thee to gain.
Beneath your ſelf you need not to decline,
Your birth is noble, ſo is alſo mine.
So that if we do match, you cannot fall
Beneath your birth, or be diſgrac'd at all.
For if you ſearch into my pedigree,
Jove and *Alectra* are of kin to me.
And my father *Priam* doth the Scepter ſway,
Of the great'ſt Kingdom in all *Aſia*.
Many Cities and fair Houſes thou ſhalt ſee,
And Temples ſuiting the Gods Majeſty.
Thou ſhalt ſee *Troy*, with Towers encompaſs'd round.
Whoſe walls *Apollo's* Harp at firſt did ſound.
Beſides there are ſuch ſtore of people there,
The Land the people cannot hardly bear.
Great troops of *Trojan* Matrons thou ſhalt meet,
And ſtore of *Trojan* Wives in every ſtreet.
The poverty of *Greece* thou wilt then pity,
When thou ſeeſt one houſe as rich as a City.
Yet *Sparta I* cannot contemn with ſcorn,
Becauſe thou in that happy Land wert born,
But *Sparta* is poor, and cannot afford thee
Dreſſings, which with thy beauty may agree.

That face of thine ought not to be content
With some common, but a curious ornament,
And it is fit thou shouldst the old lay by,
And every day wear some fresh rarity.
When the habit of the *Trojans* you do see,
You may think womens habits richer be.
Then *Hellen* grant me love not disdain,
A *Trojan*, who thy favour would obtain,
He was a *Trojan* from our blood descended,
Who with his Heavenly office was befriended.
To fill *Joves* Cup, and with water allay
The strength of his *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
A *Trojan*, in *Aurora* took delight,
Who doth begin the day conclude the night:
Anchises was descended too from *Troy*,
Whom the Queen of Love desired to enjoy,
And did descend in the *Idean* Vally,
In amorous ways to sport with him and dally.
I am a *Trojan* too and if in truth,
You should compare my beauty and my youth
With *Menelaus*; I suppose that he,
Should not in your choice be preferr'd to me,
By matching with me, thou shalt not be kin
To such a bloudy *Atreus* hath bin,
Who with the flesh of men his Horses fed,
From which sight the Suns frighted Horses fled.
My Grandfather did not his Brother kill,
As *Menelaus* Grandfather, who did spill
Myrtilus blood, who being murder'd so,
He into the *Myrtoan* sea did throw.
Nor yet our great grandfather catcheth after,
(Like unto *Tantalus* in the *Stygian* water)
Apples and water, which are both so nigh
His lips, and yet from his touch'd lips do fly.

Yet

Yet if from them thou haſt deſcended been,
Jove would me wiſh to be to thee a kin.
Yet unworthy *Menelaus* takes delight
In thee, and doth enjoy thee every night:
I ſcarcely can behold thee at the Table,
And there to look on the I am not able;
For at that very time I do obſerve and find
Many things, that do much offend my mind.
For when the banquet is brought in, th n I
Do wiſh my room unto my enemy.
For it doth grieve me when I do behold,
How with his arms he doth thy neck infold,
And I could bluſh, when he before my face
Doth thy ſmall waſt ſo clowniſhly embrace.
And it did break my heart when I did ſee,
How he would caſt his furr'd gown over thee.
And when that he would give thee kiſſes ſoft,
I put the cup before my eyes full oft.
His cloſe imbraces I did never brook.
For I beheld them with a down caſt look.
My meat, as if within thy mouth it grew,
I moſt did willingly ſeem to chew.
And *I* ſigh'd often, which when thou did'ſt ſee,
Thou oftentimes would'ſt ſmile, and laugh at mee,
Then I would ſtrive to quench my flame with Wine,
But love through drunkenneſs moſt clear doth ſhine.
When I look'd away, leſt I more ſhould ſee,
Thy beauty made me look again on thee.
It grieved me to look on my diſgrace,
But grieved me more not to look on thy face;
And *I* did ſtrive my paſſion for to hide,
But oh! diſſembled love is ſooneſt ſpy'd.
I do not flatter thee, thou doeſt perceive
That *I* did love thee, nor could *I* deceive:

Thou

Thou discern'st my love, which I wish may be
Known to thy self alone, and none but thee.
When tears did spring, I turn'd away my head,
Lest *Menelaus* should ask why I them shed.
How oft have I told fained tales of love?
Hoping I might thereby your favour move;
Under a fained name hoping to move you,
But it was I indeed did truly love you.
And that I might my mind more freely speak,
A wanton drunkenness I would counterfeit.
I remember once thy bosom open lay,
And to my view thy white breast did betray;
Thy fair breasts which were far more white in show,
Than purest milk, or the new fallen Snow,
Or whiter than that Swans fair downy feather;
When *Jupiter* and *Leda* lay together.
When I beheld them, I was so amaz'd,
My Ring fell from my finger as I gaz'd.
When thou kissed'st thy Daughter, I would not miss
To take thy kiss off with another kiss,
And sometimes I some ancient song would sing,
Of those that heretofore had Lovers been.
Sometimes by secret signs my love was shown,
And by a nod or wink I made it known.
Then to *Clymene* and *Ethra* I did shew
My grief, and both of them began to wooe,
Thy waiting maids who when I had begun,
They both did leave me before I had done.
And I do wish the gods had been so bent,
To have made thee prize of a Turnament.
That he that got the victory might bear thee
Out of the field, and he that won thee wear thee.
As *Hyppomenes* fair *Atalanta* won,
Who all her former suiters had out run.

Thou in the *Phrygian* Cities ſhalt be ſeen,
Like *Hippodamia* brought in like a Queen
By *Pelops*, and as ſtout *Alcides* brake
Achelous horns for *Deianira*'s ſake;
So by ſome valiant adventure, *I*
Would win thee by ſome act of chivalry.
But now *I* can beg of thy ſweet beauty,
And at thy feet proſtrate my ſelf in duty.
O thou that art thy brother's only glory,
To whom even *Jove* himſelf could not be ſorry
To be a Husband, if ſo be you were
Not by birth deſcended from *Jupiter*.
Either *I* will return to *Troy* with thee,
Or here in thy *Laconia* buried be.
Loves arrow hath ſo wounded my ſoft breaſt,
That it unto the very bone hath pierc'd.
My ſiſter truly Propheſi'd of me,
That with Loves arrow *I* ſhould wounded be.
Then ſince (ſweet *Helen*) 'tis ordain'd by fates,
That *I* ſhould love thee, pity my eſtate.
Do not contemn my love, but my ſuit hear,
So may the Gods attend unto thy prayer.
If thou wilt let me lie with thee to night,
More *I* could ſay that ſhould breed thy delight.
To wrong thy husband ſo, art thou aſham'd;
Or that thy marriage bed ſhould be ſo ſtain'd?
O *Helen*; thou a country conſcience haſt;
"Do'ſt thou imagine to be fair and chaſt?
Either change thy beauty or more loving be,
"For beauty is a foe to Chaſtity.
Venus doth love Loves ſtolen fruit to gather,
And *Jupiter* ſcapes did make him thy father.
Then how can'ſt thou be chaſt, if thou take after
Jupiter and *Leda*? Thou art their daughter.

May'st thou be chast when thou to *Troy* art brought,
And for thy rape may I be held in fault.
Let's not offend, and after mend our life,
When as *Venus* promised, thou art my wife.
Besides, thy husbands actions do commend
The same to thee, who that he might befriend
His guest, absents himself, to give us leasure,
And opportunity to enjoy pleasure.
To go to *Creet* he thought it time most fit,
O he's a man of an honourable wit;
Which at his departure was well expreſt,
When he bid thee use well his *Trojan* guest.
Thy absent husbands will thou dost neglect,
Thou tak'st no care of me, nor me affect,
Being so senseless, thinkest thou that he
Can prize thy beauty or else value thee?
He cannot, for if he had known the danger;
He had not bid thee be kind to a stranger.
Although my words nor love cannot move thee
Let us improve this opportunity.
Than thy husband our selves shall shew more folly,
If we lose time through bashful melancholy;
To be thy Paramour he offer'd me,
Make use then of his weak simplicity.
For thou dost lie alone, and so do I,
'Twere better if we did together lie.
Let us injoy our selves, for I do say,
"Midnights sport yields more pleasure than the day,
Then thou shalt have fair promises of me,
And I will bind my self to marry thee.
For I do vow, if that thou canst believe me,
For one nights lodging I'le a Kingdom give thee:
And if thou canst but so believing be,
Unto my kingdom thou shalt go with me.

That

That thou follow'dst me it shall not be thought;
For I alone will bear the blame, and fault.
As *Theseus* did, my actions shall be such,
And his example may thee neerly touch.
For *Theseus* did carry thee away;
Castor and *Pollux* so did also stray.
And I will be the fourth, my love's as ample
To thee, and I will follow their example.
My *Trojan* Fleet for thee doth ready stay,
And when you please, we soon may sail away.
Thou in *Troy* City shalt live as a Queen,
Ador'd as if thou had'st some Goddess been.
And wheresoever thou dost please to be,
The people shall offer sacrifice to thee.
Thy kindred, and the *Trojans* shall present
Gifts unto thee, with humble complement.
I cannot here describe thy happiness,
Far above that my Letter doth express.
Let not the fear of Wars thy thoughts amaze,
Or that all *Greece* will straight great forces raise
To fetch thee back; who have they fetcht again?
Believe me, those tears are but fond, and vain.
The *Thracians Orithia* took away,
Yet no wars after troubled *Thracia*.
Jason from *Colchos* brought away *Medea*,
And yet no wars did waste *Thessalia*.
Phædra and *Ariadne* stollen were
By *Theseus*, yet *Minos* made no war.
"Dangers may seem far greater than they are;
"And fear may be without all ground of fear.
Suppose too (if you please) wars should ensue;
Yet *I* by force their forces could subdue.
My Country can to yours yield equal forces,
For it hath store of men and store of horses:

Nor can your husband *Menelaus* ſhew
More valiant courage, than *Paris* can do;
For when I was a young ſtripling, I
Did reſcue our flocks from the Enemy;
Who did intend to drive away them all,
Whereon they did me *Alexander* call.
And of *Ilioneus* and *Deiphebus* I,
When I was young, did get the victory.
And as in ſingle combate I plaid my part,
So with my bow I could hit any mark.
And I know *Menelaus* was not ſuch
A forward youth, nor could he do ſo much.
Beſides, *Hector*'s my brother, who may ſtand
In account of Souldiers, for a whole band:
My ſtrength, and forces are unknown to thee,
Nor know'ſt thou what a husband I ſhall be.
And therefore, either no wars ſhall enſue,
Or *Trojan* forces ſhall the *Greeks* ſubdue.
Yet I could be content for ſuch a wife
" To fight: there's credit in a noble ſtrife.
Beſides if all the world ſhould fight for thee,
Thou ſhalt be famous to poſterity:
Sweet *Helen* then conſent to go with me,
What I have promis'd ſhall performed be.

The Argument of the sixteenth Epistle.

HE'lena *having read* Paris *his Epistle; in her answer seems at first offended, and chides him, and for modesties sake objects against his perswasions, proving them idle, but so that she rather gives, than takes away encouragement from him to proceed in his suit, thereby shewing a Woman's crafty wit, according to that of* Ovid, *in his Art of Love:*

Forsitan & primo veniet tibi litera tristis,
Quæq; rogat, ne te sollicitare velis,
Quod rogat illa timet: quod non rogat optat ut instet, *Insequere, &c.*

At first perhaps her Letter will be sowre,
And on thy hopes her paper seem to lowre;
In which she will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbear thy hated suit.
Trish, what she most forwarns, she most desires,
In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires.

At last she seems to consent to Paris *desire, advising him as a more safe and honest course, not to write his desire, but impart his mind to her waiting-maids* Clymene *and* Æthra, *he dealing with them, so far prevailed, that he brought both* Helena *and them to* Troy.

HELENA'S *Answer to* PARIS.

SInce thy wanton Letter did my eyes infect
When I did read it, why should I neglect
To answer it? Since to answer it can be
No breach of chastity at all in me.
What boldness was it in thee, thus to break
All laws of hospitality, and to speak
Thus by your Letter, thereby for to move
My affection, and solicite me for love.
Did thou on purpose sail into our Port?
That thou might'st wooe me, and with fair words court,
And had not we power to avoid this danger?
And shut our Palace-gate against a stranger?
Who dost requite our love with injury?
Didst thou come as a guest, or enemy?
I know my just complaint will seem to thee,
To proceed from rudeness, and rusticity:

Let

Let me ſeem rude, ſo I preſerve my fame,
And keep my honour free from ſpot or ſtain.
Although my countenance be not ſad or ſowre,
Though with bent brows I do not ſit and lowre:
Yet I have kept my clear fame without ſpot,
No man hath in my Tables found a blot.
So that I wonder whence thy encouragement
Proceedeth, that thou ſhouldeſt my love attempt:
Becauſe once *Theſeus* ſtole me as a prey,
Shall I the ſecond time be ſtolen away?
It had been my fault had I given conſent,
But being ſtolen againſt my will I went.
And yet he gathered not my Virgin flower,
He us'd no violence, though I was in his power:
Some kiſſes only he did ſtriving gain,
But no more kindneſs could from me obtain.
Such is thy wantonneſs, thou wouldſt not be
Like him content alone with kiſſing me.
He brought me back untoucht, his modeſty
Seem'd to excuſe his former injury;
And plainly it appear'd, that the young man
For ſtealing me grew penitent again.
But *Paris* comes when *Theſeus* is fallen off,
That *Helen* may be ſtill the worlds ſcoff.
Yet with a Lover who can be offended?
If thy love prove true as thou haſt pretended?
This I do doubt, although I do not fear,
My beauty can command love any where.
But becauſe women ſhould believe men,
For men with flattering words do oft deceive them.
Though other wives offend, and that a fair one
Is ſeldom chaſt, yet I will be that rare one.
Becauſe you think my mother did offend,
By her example you think me to bend.

My mother was deceived; *Jove* to her came
In the shape of a milk white feathered Swan.
If I offend 'tis not my ignorance,
For no mistake can shadow my offence.
And yet her error may be happy thought,
For to offend with greatness is no fault.
But I should not be happy, if I erre,
Since I should not offend with *Jupiter*.
Of royal kindred thou do'st boast to be,
But *Jove*'s the fountain of Nobility.
Nay though from *Jupiter* thy self doth spring,
And *Pelops* and *Atreus* be to thee akin;
Jupiters my Father, who himself did cover
With a Swans fea hers, and deceiv'd my Mother.
Go reckon now the Pedegree of thy Nation,
And talk of *Priam* and *Laomedon*.
Whom I do reverence, yet thou shalt be
Remov'd from *Jupiter* to the fifth degree;
And I but one; and albeit that *Troy*
Be a great land, such is this we enjoy,
Though it for wealth, and store of men excel,
The land is barbarous, where thou do'st dwell.
Yet thy Letter promises such gifts to me,
That Goddesses might therewith tempted be.
But if I may with modesty thus speak,
Thy self and not thy gifts may fancy take.
For either I'le keep my integrity,
Or for thy love, not gifts, I'le go with thee.
Though I despise them not, if ere I take
Those gifts, it shall be for the givers sake.
For when thy gifts have no power to move me,
I do esteem this more that thou dost love me;
And that thou should'st a painful voyage take
Through the rough Seas, and all even for thy sake,

And I do mark thy carriage at the Table,
Although I to diſſemble it am able.
Sometimes thou wantonly wilt on me glance,
And put me almoſt out of countenance,
Sometimes thou ſigh'ſt and then the cup do'ſt take,
And to drink where I did drink, do'ſt pleaſure take.
And ſo ſometimes with thy fingers, or a wink,
Thou cloſely would'ſt expreſs what thou did'ſt think.
And *I* confeſs *I* have bluſh't many times,
For fear my husband ſhould diſcern thy ſigns,
And oftentimes unto my ſelf *I* ſaid,
If he were ſhameleſs he would be diſmaid.
And on the Table thou haſt many a time
Faſhion'd and drawn forth with a little wine
Thoſe letters, which my name did plainly ſhow,
And underneath them thou haſt writ, *Amo*.
I lookt on it, but ſeem'd not to believe thee,
But now this word *Amo* doth alſo grieve me.
By theſe allurements thou my heart migh'ſt bend:
It that *I* would have yielded to offend.
I muſt confeſs thou haſt a beauteous face
Might win a Maid to yield to thy embrace.
Let ſome one rather honeſtly enjoy thee,
Than that a ſtrangers love ſhould ſo deſtroy me.
To reſiſt the power of beauty learn by me,
Virtue abſtains foom things which pleaſing be.
By how many young men have *I* wooed been?
That beauty *Paris* ſees, others have ſeen.
Thou art more bold, but they as much did ſee,
Nor haſt more courage, but leſs modeſty.
I would thy ſhip had then arrived here,
When a thouſand youths for my love Suiters were.
For before a thouſand *I* had preferr'd thee,
Nay even my husband muſt have pardon'd me.

But

But thou hast stay'd too long, and hast so trifled
That all my Virgin joyes are gone and rifled.
Thou wert too slow, therefore suppress thy flame.
What thou desir'st another doth obtain.
Though to have been thy Wife *I* do wish still,
Menelaus enjoys me, not 'gainst my will.
Cease with fair words to mollify my breast,
If you love me let it be so expresst,
Let me live as fortune hath alloted me,
Do not seek to corrupt my chastity.
But *Venus* promis'd thee in the *Idean* wood,
When three naked Goddesses before thee stood:
One promised a Kingdom unto thee,
T' other that thou in wars should'st prosperous be.
But *Venus* who was the third in this strife,
Did promise *Helena* should be thy wife.
I scarce believe the Goddesses would be
In a case of beauty judg'd so by thee.
Were the first true, the latter part is fain'd,
That she gave thee me, for judgment obtain'd.
I do not think my beauty such that she
Could think to bribe thy judgment by that fee.
I am content that men may beauty prize,
That beauty *Venus* praises, she envies.
There's no assurance in a strangers love,
As they do wander, so their love doth rove.
And when you hope to find most constancy,
Their love doth cool, and they away do flye.
Witness *Ariadne* and *Hypsiphile*,
Whose lawless love procur'd their misery.
And it is said, thou did'st *Oenone* wrong,
Forsaking her, whom thou had'st lov'd so long.
This by thy self cannot denyed be,
For know I took care to enquire of thee.

Besides

Beſides if thou had'ſt a deſign to prove
Conſtant in thy affection and true love;
Yet thou would'ſt be compell'd at leaſt to fail,
And with thy *Trojans* thou away would'ſt ſail.
For if the wiſhed night appointed were,
Thou would'ſt be gone, if that the wind ſtood fair.
And when our pleaſures grew unto the height,
Thou would'ſt be gone, if that the wind ſtood right:
So by a fair wind I ſhould be bereft
Of joys even in the mid'ſt imperfect left.
Or as thou perſwad'ſt ſhall I follow thee
To *Troy* and ſo great *Priams* Daughter be.
Yet *I* do not ſo much contemn ſwift fame,
That I would ſtick diſgrace upon thy name.
What would *Priam*, and his wife think of me
With's Daughters, and my brothers which may be?
What might *Sparta*, and *Greece* of *Helen* ſay?
Or what might *Troy* report, and *Aſia*?
And how can'ſt thou hope I ſhould faithful prove?
And not to others, as to thee grant love?
So that if a ſtrangers ſhip do arrive here,
It will procure in thee a jealous fear.
And in thy rage call me adultereſs,
When thou art guilty of my wickedneſs.
Thou that didſt cauſe my fault wilt me upbraid,
O may I firſt into my grave be laid;
But I ſhall have *Troys* wealth, go rich and brave,
And more than thou canſt promiſe I ſhall have.
Tiſſue and Cloath of Gold they ſhall preſent me,
And ſtore of Gold ſhall for a gift be ſent me.
Yet pardon me, thoſe gifts cannot inflame me,
I know not how thy Land would entertain me.
If in the *Trojan* Land I ſhould wrong'd be,
How could my brother, or father help me?

Falſe

Falſe *Jaſon* with fair promiſes beguil'd
Medea, Who afterward exil'd.
Her Father *Eetes* was not there, to whom,
When ſhe was ſcorn'd by *Jaſon*, ſhe might come.
Nor her Mother *Ipſea* to whom ſhe
Might return, nor her ſiſter *Calciope*.
I fear not this, was not *Medea* afraid.
" For thoſe who mean beſt, ſooneſt are betrai'd,
Ships in the habour do in ſafety ride;
But are toſt at Sea, and do ſtorms abide.
And that ſame fire-brand too affrighteth me,
Of which thy mother dreamt, and thought that ſhe
Had been deliver'd: and beſides too *I*
Do fear *Caſſandra*'s diſmal propheſie;
Who did foretel, as truth did her inſpire,
The *Greeks* ſhould waſte the City *Troy* with fire.
And beſides, as fair *Venus* favours thee,
Becauſe thy judgment gave her the victory;
I fear the other Goddeſſes do grudge
At thee, becauſe thou didſt againſt them judge.
And *I* do know that wars may follow after,
Our fatal love ſhall be reveng'd with ſlaughter.
Yet to allow her praiſe *I* am content,
Why ſhould *I* queſtion that which ſhe hath meant?
Yet for my ſlow belief be not thou griev'd,
For ſuch good matters hardly are believ'd,
Firſt *I* am glad that *Venus* did regard me,
Secondly, that with me ſhe did reward thee.
And that *Helen*, when you of her beauty heard,
Was before *Pallas* and *Juno*'s gifts preferr'd.
Am *I* both Wiſdom, and Kingdom to thee?
Since thou lov'ſt me, ſhould I no kindneſs ſhew thee?
I'me not ſo cruel, yet cannot incline
To love him, who I fear cannot be mine.

For

For ſuppoſe I to Sea would go with thee,
To ſteal hence I have no *Opportunity*.
In love's thefts I am ignorant and rude,
Heavens know my husband *I* did ne're delude:
And in a Letter thus my mind to ſhew,
Is a task, *I* before did never do.
They are happy that do uſe it every day,
To offend it is hard to find the way.
A kind of painful fear reſtraineth me,
And how they look on us me-thinks *I* ſee.
Of the grumbling people *I* am much afraid,
For *Æthra* told me long ſince what they ſaid.
But take no notice, nor do thou deſiſt,
I know you can diſſemble if you liſt.
Then ſport and ſpare not, but let us be wary,
" And if not chaſt, let us at leaſt be chary,
For though that *Menelaus* abſent be,
I muſt diſcreetly uſe my liberty.
For though he is on earneſt buſineſs gone,
And for this journey had occaſion;
I took occaſion thus my love to ſhow,
Make haſt to return, Sweet-heart, if you go.
And he ſtraightway to recompence my wiſh
Of his return gave me a joyful kiſs,
Charging me that my care ſhould be expreſt
In looking to his houſe, and *Trojan* gueſt.
I ſmil'd, and to him could ſay nought at all,
I ſtriv'd to refrain laughing with, *I* ſhall.
So with a proſperous wind he ſail'd to *Creet*;
Yet to do, what thou doſt liſt, is not meet.
I'me kept in his abſence with guard moſt ſtrong,
" Do'ſt thou not know the hands of Kings are long?
Beſides, thou wrong'ſt us both in praiſing me,
For when he hears it he will jealous be.

The fame of beauty maketh me suspected,
I would I had the fame of it neglected.
Though to leave us together he thought fit,
To my own keeping he did me commit.
"He knew there could no better guardian be;
"To keep me chast than my own honesty,
He fear'd my beauty, but my chastity
Did take away that idle jealousie.
To make use of time thou advisest me,
Since his absence gives opportunity.
I must confess I have a good mind to it,
But am yet unresolved, and fear to do it.
Besides you know my Husband is from home,
And you without a wife do lie alone;
The nights are long, and while we sit together
In one house, we may talk unto each other.
And wo is me! when we are both alone,
I know thou hast a fair alluring tongue.
Thus every circumstance seems to invite me,
And nothing but a bashful fear doth fright me.
Since perswasions do no good, leave that course
And make me leave this bashfulness by force.
Such force would seem a welcome injury,
And I would fain be thus compell'd by thee.
Yet let me rather my new love refrain,
A little water quenches a young flame.
Did not the stout inhabitant of *Thessalia*
Fight with the *Centaurs* for *Hippodamia*?
And dost thou not think *Menelaus* hath,
And *Tyndarus* as violent a wrath?
Although of valour thou dost boast to me,
Thy words and amorous face doth not agree.
Thou art not fit for *Mars*, nor for the field,
But for *Venus* combats, which do pleasures yield.

Let

Let valiant hardy men of Wars approve,
But *Paris* follow thou the wars of love.
Let *Hector* fight for thee, whom thou doſt praiſe,
The gentle wars of Love ſhall give thee Bayes.
And in theſe wars 'tis wiſdom for to fight,
And any Maid that's wiſe will take delight.
Not upon idle points of modeſty ſtand,
I may perhaps in time give thee my hand.
But it is your deſire, that you and *I*
Should meet, *I* know what you do mean thereby.
Thus far this guilty Letter hath reveal'd
A piece of my mind, the reſt is conceal'd.
By *Clement* and *Æthra* we may further
Make known our minds, more fully to each other,
For theſe two Maidens in ſuch matters be
Companions, and Counſellers to me.

The Argument of the seventeenth Epistle.

THe Sea of Hellespont being seven furlongs over, and as Pliny witnesseth dividing Europe from Asia, had on the one side Sestos in Europe where Hero lived, and Abydos in Asia where Leander dwelled, being two opposite Cities. Leander of Abydos being deeply in Love with Hero of Sestos, did use to swim by night unto her over the Hellespont: but being hindred by the tempestuous roughness of the Sea, after seven days were past, he sent this Letter to his sweet-heart Hero, by an adventrous ship-master that put forth to Sea in the storm;

Wherein

Wherein he sheweth first that his love is firm, and constant. Afterward he complaineth that the roughness of the Sea should hinder him from swiming to her. Lastly, he promiseth her that he will venture to come, and expose himself to the dangers of the Sea, rather than to want the sight of her, or her sweet company. Whence Martial *thus of him signifieth.*

Cum peteret dulces audax *Leander* amores,
Et fessus tumidis jam premeretur aquis;
Sic miser instantes affatus dicitur undas;
Parcite, dum propero, mergite dum redeo.

While bold Leander *to his Sweet-heart swims,*
And swelling waves did beat his weary limbs.
To the billows that beats him so,
'Tis said that thus he spake;
Spare me while *I* to *Hero* go,
Drown me when *I* come back.

LEANDER *to* HERO.

THy love *Leander* wisheth thee all health,
(*Hero*) which *I* had rather bring my self,
For if the rough Seas had more calmer been,
From *Abydos* to *Sestos I* would swim.
If the fates smile upon our love, then *I*
Do know, thou wilt read my lines willingly.
This paper-messenger may welcome be,
But thou had'st rather have my company.
But the fates frown, and will not suffer me,
(As *I* was us'd) to swim unto thee.
The Skie is black, the Seas are rough, alas,
So that no Ship or Bark from home dare pass.
Yet one bold Ship-master went from our Haven,
To whom this present Letter *I* have given.

And had come with him, but the *Abydians* stay'd
Upon their watch-towers, while the Anchor way'd;
For presently they would have been descri'd,
And discern'd our love, which we seek to hide.
Forthwith this Letter I did write, and so
I said unto it happy Letter go;
This is thy happiness, thou must understand,
That *Hero* shall receive thee with her hand.
And perhaps thou shalt kiss her rosie lips,
While with her teeth the Seals she open rips,
Having spoken these words then my right hand after
Did write these words upon this silent Paper.
But I do wish, that my right hand might be
Not us'd in writing, but to swim to thee:
It is more fit to swim, yet I can write
My mind with ease and happily indite.
Seven nights are past which seem to me a year,
Since first the Seas with storms inraged were.
These nights seem'd long to me I could not sleep,
To think the Sea should still his roughness keep.
Those Torches which on thy tower burning be
I saw, or else I thought that I did see.
Thrice I put off my cloaths, and did begin
Three times to make tryal if *I* could swim,
But swelling seas did my desire oppose,
Whose rising billows o're my face o're flowes.
But *Boreas*, who art the fiercest wind,
Why thus to cross me, dost thou bend my mind?
Thou dost not storm against the seas but me:
Hadst thou not been in love what wouldst thou be?
Though thou art cold, yet once thou didst approve
Orithya, who did warm thy heart with love.
And would'st have vexed, if with *Orithya* fair
Thy passage had been hindred through the air.

O

O ſpare me then and calm thy bluſtring wind,
Even ſo may'ſt thou from *Aeolus* favour find;
But *I* perceive he murmurs at my prayer,
And ſtill the ſeas are rough and ſtormy are;
I wiſh that *Dædalus* would give wings to me
Though the *Icarian* ſeas not far off be,
Where *Icarus* did fall when he did proffer
To fly too high, let me the ſame chance ſuffer
While flying through the air to thee I come.
As through the water I have often ſwom.
But ſince both wind, and ſeas deny to me
My paſſage, think how I firſt came to thee.
It was at that time when night doth begin,
(Th'remembrance of paſt pleaſures, pleaſure bring)
When I who was *Amans*, which we tranſlate
A Lover, ſtole out of my fathers Gate,
And having put off all my cloaths ſtraightway,
My arms through the moiſt ſeas cut their way,
The Moon did yield a glimmering light to me,
Which all the way did bear me company.
I looked on her, ſaid ſome favour have
Towards me, and think upon the *Latmian* Cave.
O favour me! for thy *Endymions* ſake,
Proſper this ſtollen journy which I take.
A mortals love made thee come from thy Sphear:
And ſhe I love is like a goddeſs fair.
For none unleſs that ſhe a goddeſs be,
Can be ſo vertuous, and ſo fair as ſhe.
Nay none but *Venus*, or thy ſelf can be
So fair, view her, if you'l not credit me.
For as thy ſilver beams do ſhine more bright
Than leſſer ſtreams, which yield a dimmer light:
Even ſo of all fair ones ſhe is fareſt,
And *Cynthia* cannot doubt but ſhe's the faireſt.

When I these words, or else the like had said,
My passage through the Sea by night I made.
The Moons bright beams were in the waters seen,
And 'twas as light as if it day had been.
No noise nor voice unto my ears did come,
But the murmur of the water when I swom.
Only the *Alcyons* for lov'd *Ceyx* sake,
Seemed by night a sweet complaint to make.
But when my Arms to grow tyr'd did begin,
Unto the top of the waves I did spring.
But when I saw thy Torch, O then quoth I,
Where that fire blazeth, my fair love doth lie.
For that same shore, said I, doth her contain,
Who is my Goddess, my fire and my flame.
These words to my Arms did such strength restore,
Methought the Sea grew calmer than before.
The coldness of the waves, I seem'd to scorn,
For love did keep my amourous heart still warm.
The nearer I came to the shore I find
The greater courage and more strength of mind.
But when I could by thee discerned be,
Thou gav'st me courage by looking on me.
Then to please thee, my Mistress I begin
To spread my Arms abroad, and strongly swim.
Thy Nurse from leaping down could scarce stay thee,
This without flattery I did also see,
And though she did restrain thee, thou didst come
Down to the shore and to the waves didst run.
And to imbrace and kiss me didst begin,
" The Gods to get such kisses sure would swim.
And thy own garments thou wouldst put on me,
Drying my hair which had been wet at Sea.
What past besides, the Tower, and we do know,
And Torch, which through the Sea my way did show.

The joys of that night we no more can count
Than drops of waters in the *Helleſpont*.
And becauſe we had ſo little time for pleaſure.
We us'd our time, and did not waſt our leaſure.
But when *Aurora* roſe from *Tithons* bed,
And the morning ſtar ſhew'd his glittering head,
Then we did kiſs in haſt, and kiſs again,
And that the Night was paſt we did complain.
When thy Nurſe did me of the time inform,
Then from thy Tower, I to the ſhore return.
With tears we parted, and then *I* begin
Back through the *Helleſpont* again to ſwim.
And while *I* ſwom, *I* ſhould look back on thee,
As far as I could thee (ſweet *Hero*) ſee.
And if you will believe me, when I do come
Hither unto thee, then methought I ſwom.
But when from thee again I turned back,
I ſeem'd like one that had ſuffer'd ſhip-wrack.
To my home I went unwillingly again,
My City 'gainſt my will doth me contain.
Alas! why ſhould we be by ſeas disjoyn'd?
Since that love hath united us in mind.
Since we bear ſuch affection to each other,
Why ſhould not we in one land dwell together?
In *Seſtos*, or *Abydos* dwell with me,
Thy country pleaſeth me, as mine doth thee.
Why ſhould the rough ſeas thus perplex our minds?
Why ſhould we be parted by cruel winds?
The Dolphins with our love acquainted grow:
The fiſh by often ſwimming doth me know.
And through the water *I* have worn a path,
Like to thoſe wheel-ruts which a high way hath.
I complain that I to ſuch ſhifts was put,
But now the winds that paſſage have up ſhut.

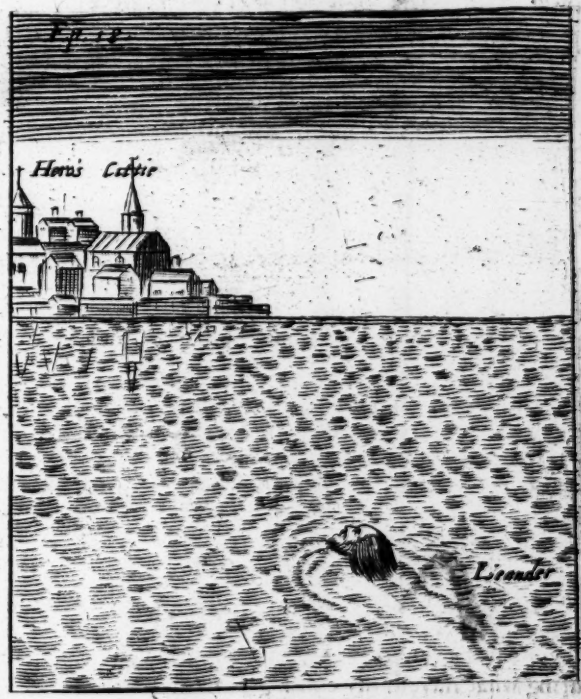
The *Hellespont* is rough, the waves go high,
So that ships scarce in Harbour safe do lie.
And I believe the Sea her name first found,
From the Virgin *Helle*, who was in't drown'd.
This sea shal by her death infamous be,
Her name doth shew her guilt, though she spare me.
I envy *Jason*, who did sail to *Greece*,
And fetcht away from thence the Golden Fleece.
In his ship call'd the Ram, yet I desire
No ship of his, this is all I require;
That the waters of the *Hellespont* would be
So gentle to permit me to swim to thee.
I want no art to swim, give leave to me,
And both the ship and Pilot *I* will be.
I will not sail by the great or lesser bear,
For by such common stars love cannot steer.
Let others on *Andromedes* star look;
Or *Ariadnes* Crown to Heaven took;
Nor yet *Calistos* stars which do shine clear
In the Polar Circle, which they call the Bear.
These stars which by the gods were stellifi'd,
In my doubtful passage shall not be my guide,
But I have a more brighter star than these,
My love will guide me through the darkest seas,
Oft when my arms grew tyred with weariness,
That they cannot cut their waies through the seas,
When *I* do tell them, that to quit their pain
They should imbrace thee, they would then again,
To enjoy their prize, with such a fresh strength swim
Like a swift Horse that doth to run begin.
Thou art my star and I will follow thee,
Rather than all those stars in Heaven be.
Thou, thou art far more worthy for to shine
A star in Heaven, yet stay on earth thy time.

Or

Or if thou wilt needs go, then ſhew to me
The way to Heaven, that *I* may follow thee:
Thou art here, yet I the way to thee can't find,
The roughneſs of the ſeas perplex my mind.
What though the Ocean do not us two part?
This narrow ſea keeps me from thee ſweet-heart.
If *I* ſhould in ſome diſtant Country be,
It would cut off all hope of ſeeing thee.
But now *I* am inflam'd with more deſire,
And burn the more the nearer to the fire.
And though the thing I wiſh for abſent be,
Yet I do hope for that I cannot ſee.
That which I love *I* almoſt ſeem to touch,
Which makes me weep to think my hopes are ſuch.
I catch at Apples which from me do fly
Like *Tantalus*, or the ſtream which glides by.
Shall I then never be poſſeſt of thee,
Until the winds and ſea ſo pleaſed be?
When wind and water fickle be, ſhall I
Upon the wind and water ſtill relie;
Shall *I* be hindred by the raging ſeas?
The Goats, Bootes, or the Pleiades?
If I have any courage, thou ſhalt ſee,
Love ſhall embolden me to ſwim to thee.
And if I promiſe I will come away,
And perform my promiſe without all delay.
If ſeas continue ſtill their raging anger,
I'le try to ſwim to thee in deſpight of danger:
Either my bold attempt ſhall happy prove,
Or death ſhall give an end unto my love.
Yet do I wiſh my body may be driven,
Like to a wrack to thy beloved Haven
Then thou wilt weep on it, and ſay 'twas I
Was the occaſion, that this man did dye.

I know when thou hast in my Letter found
This word of Death, thou wilt have the sad sound.
Fear not; but that the sea may now incline
To calmness, joyn your prayers I pray with mine.
If it were calm until I did swim thither,
Arriv'd again let it be blustring weather,
In the Harbour of thy Castle I'le abide,
And in thy Chamber at safe Anchor ride.
Let blustring *Boreas* strongly there inclose me,
I delight to stay there though he oppose me.
For then I will be weary, and most slack
To venture to return, or to swim back.
On the deaf billows I'le not rail in vain,
Nor on the rough and raging Sea complain.
The winds and the embraces should keep me
Wind-bound and love-bound, still to stay with thee.
Yet soon as the Sea permits I'le begin
To use my arms, and unto thee I'le swim.
And be thou careful to put forth a light
Upon thy Turret, to direct my sight.
Until then let my Letter lodge this night
With thee, as Harbinger of my delight.
Which though it go before me, I do pray,
That I may follow it without delay.

The



The Argument of the eighteenth Epiſtle.

HEro *having received* Leanders *Letter anſwereth it with many expreſſions of a mutual affection, and invites him to haſten his coming, that ſhe might enjoy his company: ſometimes accuſing his ſlackneſs, thereby to ſhew the ſincerity and integrity of her own love, ſometimes inveighing againſt the Sea: ſometimes fearing leſt he loved ſome other; then recanting that ſuſpition, aſcribing it to the cuſtom of Lovers who are apt to ſuſpition. Laſtly, ſhe perſwades*

perswades him not to expose himself to the mercy of the Sea until it grow calm.

HERO *to* LEANDER.

THat health *Leander* which thou sent'st in word,
Come and more really to me afford.
For our joys are deferred by thy stay,
And my love grows impatient of delay.
Our love is equal, but I am the weaker,
For men are of a stout and stronger nature.
Maids have a tender body and soft mind,
If thou do stay, I shall with grief be pin'd.
You men can spend the tedious time and leasure,
In hunting or some other country pleasure.
Or sometimes you can go unto the Court,
Or in riding, or tilting take your sport.
You often Hawk, and Angle many a time,
And spend some hours in drinking of rich wine.
But unto me love doth a torment prove.
I have no business here to do, but love.
Thou only art a pleasure unto me,
I love thee more than can believed be.
For either with my Nurse I talk of thee,
Wondring what stayeth thy coming unto me;
Or looking to the Sea, sometimes I chide
The Sea, 'cause it doth still so rough abide.
Or when I see the Sea is calmer grown,
I think that when thou mai'st thou wilt not come.
While I complain, sad tears spring in my eyes,
Which with a trembling hand my old Nurse dryes,
Then do I look if any print remain
Of thy foop-steps, which the sands yet retain.

And

And oftentimes *I* enquire if any be
Bound to *Abydos*, ſo to write to thee,
And I do kiſs thy cloths thou didſt leave here
When thou didſt ſwim the *Helleſpont* without fear;
When day is done, and the more friendly night
With ſpangled ſtars hath put the day to flight.
Then I ſet out a light for a land-mark
Upon my Tower, to guide thee in the dark.
And then ſometimes with ſpinning I aſſay,
To paſs the time which runs ſo ſlow away.
And that I may the tedious hours beguile,
I talk of my *Leander* all the while.
And to my Nurſe I ſpeak thus, doſt not thou
Think that my joy and love is coming now;
Or think'ſt thou that his friends watch him, that he
Is hindred ſo from coming unto me;
Doſt thou not think that he even now begins;
To put off his cloths, and anoint his limbs?
Yet ſaies my old Nurſe, who did ſtrive to keep
Time with her head while ſhe did nodding ſleep.
And ſenſeleſs of all love, car'd not though *I*
Did want thy kiſſes, and ſweet company.
Then *I* ſhould ſay to her a little after,
Now I do think he's in ſwimming through the water.
And having drawn thy thred forth I would ſay,
Now *I* do think he is in the middle way;
Then I look'd forth, and fearfully did pray
The wind wou'd favour thee upon the way?
Sometimes I liſtned unto every voice,
Thinking thou were come, if I heard a noiſe.
Thus I would ſpend moſt of the night, till ſleep
Upon my weary eyes by ſtealth did creep.
And ſometimes thou ſleep'ſt with me in my dream,
And art come, though to come thou doſt not mean.

And

And now methinks that in my dream I see
Thee swimming, now thou art imbracing me.
And now to cloath thy wet limbs I do strive,
And in my warm bosom do thee revive.
And other things I dream of which must be
Concealed at this time for modesty.
For that which in the doing pleas'd us well,
Yet being done it is a shame to tell.
But wo is me, these pleasures are soon done,
For when thy dream doth vanish, thou art gone.
O let us at the length more firmly meet,
That our joys may be real and more sweet.
Why have I lain, so many nights from thee?
And why dost thou delay to swim to me?
Though the Seas yet for swimming unfit are,
Yet yesternight the winds more calmer were.
And why didst thou then fear to come to me?
Why didst not use that opportunity?
Though you have another season, yet at least
Because this was the first this was the best.
The fickle sea doth quickly change her face,
But thou canst swim it in a little space,
And suppose winds and storm should keep thee here,
While I imbrace thee, thou needst nothing fear:
Then I would have the winds blow high enough,
And I would pray the seas might still be rough.
But why dost thou the winds and seas now fear,
Which formerly by thee despised were?
For I remember thou didst swim to me,
When the seas were as rough as now they be:
When I did wish thee not so rash to be,
Lest thy rashness should make me weep for thee.
But where is all thy courage now become?
Who through the *Hellespont* hast often swom.

Yet do not thou ſuch raſh adventures make
But when the ſea is calm thy journey take.
If thou doſt love me ſtill, as thou doſt write,
And that our flame of love burns clear and bright:
I fear not winds ſo much that croſs my mind
As that thy love ſhould prove fickle as wind.
Or that thou think'ſt me unworthy to enter
Such dangers, and for my ſake to adventure.
And ſometimes *I* am very much afraid,
Leſt thou of *Abydos* ſcorn'ſt a *Seſtan* maid.
But it would grieve me more than all the reſt,
If thou ſhouldſt love another Sweet-heart beſt;
Or if ſome Harlots arms ſhould thee embrace,
While that her new love doth the old diſplace.
O may *I* die before that *I* do ſee
My ſelf in ſuch a manner wrong'd by thee.
Yet do *I* not write this, becauſe that *I*
From thee, or fame, have cauſe of jealouſie.
Yet ſtill *I* fear (who can ſecurely love?)
For abſence doth often ſuſpition move.
Thoſe Lovers are happy that preſent are,
And know when to be Jealous, when not to fear.
We vainly fear, and ſlight true injuries,
And nouriſh in our breaſt fond jealouſies;
O would'ſt thou come, or elſe would *I* might find
No woman hinders thee but the fierce wind.
Which when *I* know, believe me *I* ſhall die
With grief to think upon thy injury.
For if thou hadſt a deſire to ſend
Me to my grave, thou might'ſt before offend.
But thou wilt not offend, my fears are vain,
I know the winters ſtorms do thee detain.
Woe's me! the billows do grow rough and high,
And obſcure clouds do darken all the ſky.

Or *Helles* Mother makes the sea-waves weep,
While they her Daughters obsequies do keep.
Or *Juno* her step-mother now doth please,
Chang'd to a goddess, thus to vex the seas.
This sea unto young maids unkind doth prove;
It drowned *Helle* and doth cross my love.
If *Neptune* his own love had call'd to mind,
Our love had not been crost so by the wind.
It is no fable that thou didst approve
Of fair *Amymone*, and her didst love.
Alcyone, and *Ceyce* thy sweet-hearts were,
And *Medusa* before she had snaky hair.
Laodice and *Celæno* Pleiades,
And many *I* have read of besides these.
O *Neptune* thou these Sweet-hearts hadst in store;
As Poets do report, and many more.
Since thou so oft the force of love didst prove;
Why still from comming dost thou stay my love?
Spare us, let storms rage in the Ocean wide,
The Sea doth two parts of the world divide.
For thee to toss great ships it is most meet,
Or express thy rage in scattering a Fleet.
To disturb these seas can no glory be,
Or to hinder a young man would swim to me.
For know *Leander* nobly is descended,
Nor from *Aiolus* ill of thee befriended.
Perserve us both, for while that he doth swim;
"He's in the water, but my life's in him.
But now my Candle (by whose watchful light
As it stood by me, I these lines did write)
Began to sparkle at that very time,
Which *I* did take to be a happy sign.
And my Nurse put wine to it, to maintain
The Lamp, and cherish the reviving flame.

Sayes ſhe, here will be ſtrangers I do think
To morrow, and with theſe words ſhe doth drink.
Leander come, and let our number be
Increas'd, for I do love thy company.
Leander unto thy own love return,
For why ſhould I ſtill lie alone, and mourn?
Thou haſt no cauſe thus fearful ſtil to be,
Venus will calm the ſea, and favour thee.
Sometimes to wade through the ſea I begin,
But this ſea hath to women fatal bin.
For *Jaſon* over it in ſafety came,
But a woman gave to theſe ſeas their name.
If thou fear'ſt thou ſhould'ſt want ſtrength to perform
This double labour, to come, and return:
Let us in the midſt of the ſea both meet,
And with a kiſs each other kindly greet.
Then to our Cities both return again,
This would ſome comfort be, though it were vain,
I would that we had no regard of Fame,
Which makes us love in ſecret, nor of ſhame.
" For love and fearfulneſs do ill agree;
That perſwades to pleaſure, this to modeſty.
When that young *Jaſon* did to *Colchos* come,
He bore away *Medea* with him ſoon.
Soon as *Paris* to *Lacedemon* came,
He ſtraight returned with his prey again.
Thou com'ſt to me, but leaveſt me behind,
And ſwim'ſt when ſhips can ſcarce a paſſage find.
But my *Leander* have a care hereafter,
Not only to deſpiſe, but fear the water.
Strong ſhips unto the ſea are made a ſcorn,
Think'ſt thou thy arms can more than Oars perform;
The Mariners (*Leander*) fear to ſwim
Till they are forced. When they have ſhip-wrackt bin.

Wo.'s

Wo's me, I perſwade 'gainſt that I require,
Let not my words diſcourage thee I deſire.
With thy arms ſwim through the Seas, which being done,
Embrace me with thoſe arms when thou art come.
But as oft as I to the blew ſeas look,
My heart is with a ſudden cold fear ſtrook.
And I am troubled with my laſt nights dream,
Though I ſacrific'd 'gainſt that it did mean:
About morning, when the Candle ſleepy grew
And wink'd, when dreams moſt uſually are true;
Out of my drowſie fingers fell my thread,
And on my pillow I did reſt my head:
When in my dream I thought that I had ſeen
A Dolphin, that on the rough waves did ſwim.
Which the waves caſt up on the ſhore, and left
Upon the boiling ſand, of life bereft.
I know not what this might preſage, or mean,
Stay till the Sea be calm, ſlight not my dream;
If thou wilt not ſpare thy ſelf, ſpare thou me,
My life and happineſs conſiſts in thee,
I hope the rough ſeas will grow calm, then ſtay
And through the calm ſeas cut thy gentle way.
And till then, ſince thou canſt not ſwim, nor come,
Let this Letter make the time not ſeem long.

The

The Argument of the nineteenth Epistle.

AContius *going to* Diana's *sacrifices, which were celebrated by Virgins in* Delos, *the chiefest Island of all the* Cyclades *in the* Ægean *sea, fell in love with* Cydippe *a noble Maid: but he in regard of the inequality of his birth, not daring to solicite her love, did cunningly write on a fair Apple these two verses.*

Juro tibi sanè per mystica sacra Dianæ,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamq; futuram.

By Diana's *sacred rites I swear to thee,*
Thy loving Consort and Wife I will be.

And so he cast the Apple at the Maids feet; who ignorant of his cunning, reading it at unawares, she promised that she would be wife to Acontius. *For it was a Law, that was spoken before the Gods in the Temple of* Diana *should be ratified. So that* Acontius *endeavours in this Epistle to perswade her, that* Diana *had inflicted sickness on her, because she had violated her promise made in the Goddesses presence. And to allure her to his desires, his Exordium endeavours to make her confident to read without any suspition of deceit, like the former. Afterward he strives to make her husband contemptible in her sight, perswading her that he was the cause of all her sickness.*

ACONTIUS *to* CYDIPPE.

BE not afraid, since that thou shalt not swear,
As thou didst before to thy Lover, here;
For thou didst swear enough at that same time,
When thou didst promise that thou wouldst be mine,
Read it, and so may the sickness leave thee,
And pains, which also are a pain to me.
For why should thy ingenious cheeks be spread,
As in *Diana*'s Temple with blushing red.
Since to perform thy promise I do move thee,
And not foolly, but as a husband love thee.
For if those words then wouldst but call to mind,
Which I did write upon the Apples rind;
And cast before thee, being read by thee,
In reading it thou did promise to me,
Even that which I do now of thee desire,
My words and faith do not at once expire.

When

When *Diana* depriv'd thee first of health,
I fear'd it; Virgin think upon thy self.
And now *I* fear the same, for now at length
The flame of love in me hath gotten strength.
My strong affection doth increase, and grow,
Encourag'd by that hope which you did shew.
Thou gav'st me hope, from thee it did proceed;
Diana is a witness to thy deed.
For thou didst swear by *Diana*'s majesty,
Acontius I do mean to marry thee.
And to these words which from thy mouth then went,
Diana bow'd in token of consent,
If thou dost urge, thou wert deceiv'd by me,
The deceit came from love, my love from thee.
Seeking thereby to thee to be united,
That should win favour, wherewith thou art frighted.
I'me not so crafty by nature or use,
Thy beauty do h this craftiness infuse.
Ingenious love, and not my a-t first joyn'd
Those words which thee to me did firmly bind.
For love this cunning trick to me disclos'd
And words of marriage into lines compos'd.
Yet let this Act of mine deceitful prove,
If it be deceit to get what we love.
And now I write, for favour I intreat,
Complain of this, if this be a deceit.
If loving thee, an injury *I* do thee,
Though thou forbid me, I will love and woe thee.
Some have by force their Sweet-hearts away brought;
To write a Letter, shall it be a fault?
Since that a Letter a new knot doth tye
Of that promis'd love between thee and I.
Though thou art coy to me, yet I shall make thee
More kind, and I do know that I shall take thee.

For albeit thou scape out of this net
Thou shalt not scape all those which love can set.
And if that gentle means, and art do fail,
Then force against thy coyness shall prevail.
I do not hold that *Paris* was in fault,
Or those who their desires by force have sought.
And so will I: although that death should be
His sad reward, that ventures to steal thee.
Wert thou less fair, my suit would be more cold,
But now thy beauteous face doth make me bold.
My flame of love proceeds from thy fair eyes,
Which do out-shine the bright stars in the skies.
And from thy white neck, which thy brown hair graces.
And from thy arms fit only for imbraces.
Thy modest countenance also taketh me
Where silent beauties sweetly placed be.
Thy feet like ivory are so pure and white,
That *Thetis*, *I* suppose, hath not the like.
I were happy, if *I* might praise the rest,
Thy parts summ'd up together would be best.
It is no wonder since thou art so fair.
If by thy own words I did thee insnare.
For if thou shouldst confess thy self to be
Taken by my deceit and treachery;
Let me bear the envy of it, and b'ame,
So that *I* may the fruits of love obtain.
Achilles did by force fair *Briseis* take,
Yet she lov'd him, and would not him forsake.
Find fault with what thou wilt and angry be,
So that in danger I may enjoy thee,
I that have moved your danger, will appease you,
And if you give me leave, *I'le* strive to please you.
For *I* will stand before you, and there weep,
While my tears with my words due time shall keep:

And like some servants that correction fears,
I hold my hands up, and beg with my tears.
Assume your right, I'me a slave to your beauty,
Be you my Mistress, and teach me duty,
Although that you should strike me, and should tear
In an imperious manner my long hair,
I'le suffer all, and only afraid be,
Lest you should hurt your hand with striking me.
Thou needst not fetter me with iron chains,
"He serveth willingly whom love constrains.
When thou hast satisfyed thy wrath on me,
Thou wilt then say; how patient is he?
And noting my patience say, since I see
That he can serve so well, he shall serve me.
I know thou dost condemn me in absence,
And my good cause doth want a just defence.
That only which I on the Apple writ
Is my offence, yet love indited it,
Besides *Diana* should not mocked be,
Keep thy promise with her, though not with me.
She saw the blush, when as thou art deceiv'd,
And she did hear those words which thou didst read.
And who can be more violent than she,
To those who do prophane her Majesty.
Who more angry than *Althea* with her son,
More fierce than was the Boar of *Calydon*.
She made *Acteons* hounds their Master hunt,
As he with them to chase wild beasts was wont.
She did *Niobe* to a stone transform,
Which in *Bythinia* stands, and seems to mourn.
Cydippe, I dare not speak truth to thee,
Let my admonishment seem false to be.
Yet I must speak, her wrath inflicts on thee
This sickness, when that thou should'st marri'd be:

From perjury she'd have thee keep thy self;
"By sickness she would bring thy mind to health.
And when to break thy vow thou wouldst begin,
She keeps thee from commiting of that sin.
Then do not thou *Diaza* more incense,
She may be brought to remit thy offence,
That so thy feaver may not quite destroy
Thy beauty sav'd, that *I* may it enjoy.
Preserve that beauty, which my love first bred,
Where snowy whiteness shadoweth the red.
May those who cross our love, endure that pain,
Which *I* while thou art sick do now sustain,
I would not have thee sick, nor married be,
I know not which of these would most grieve me.
Sometimes it grieveth me, that I should grieve thee,
And that *I* did so cunningly deceive thee,
For my mistress's perjury. O punish me
Ye gods; from punishment let her be free.
And sometimes I occasion take to go
By the door, that I may know how you do.
And in a secret manner enquiring keep
Of your maid, how you eat, and take your sleep.
I would I had been a Physitian bred,
To feel thy pulse, and sit upon thy bed.
And wo is me, that *I* must absent be,
While that my rival is perhaps with thee.
He holds thy hand, and sits on thy beds side,
Who is by all the gods, and me envy'd.
And while that he thy beating pulse doth try,
Thy white arm he doth often touch thereby.
He handles thee, and then perhaps a kiss
Rewards his service with too great a bliss.
Who hath permitted thee to reap my crop?
And take away the fruits of all my hope?

Her self, and Kisses thou must understand
Are mine by promise, then take off thy hand.
Take off thy hand, for she my own shall be,
Unless thou wilt commit Adultery.
Some other Maiden chuse that yet is free,
For of her tenement I must Land-Lord be.
Thou mai'st believe our covenants if not me,
To shew they're firm let her read them to thee,
Therefore thou hast no right, I say to thee,
Unto her marriage bed, 'tis kept for me,
Though her father to thee did her assign,
Yet thy right cannot be so good as mine.
Her father did betroth her unto thee,
But she her self did give her self to me.
He promis'd before men she should be thine,
She promis'd before *Diana* she would be mine.
He breaks his word, she violates her oath,
And dost thou dote which is the worst of both;
Lastly consider, what the event may be,
For he's in health, but sick in bed is she.
In our contentions too much ods there are,
Thy hope is not like mine, nor yet thy fear.
Thy love is not so dangerous but I
If I should suffer a repulse must dye.
Perhaps that hereafter thou wilt approve her,
But it is I that now doth clearly love her.
Therefore in justice, that same love of thine
Unto my love all title should resign.
Since for thy love he unjustly doth contend,
Cydippe why do *I* this Letter send?
Diana for his sake doth thee afflict,
Forbid him then thy house, if thou hast wit.
And for his sake this sickness light's on thee,
May he that causeth it, so punish'd be.

For if thou wilt his fained love reject,
And not love whom the goddess doth respect.
Thou shalt then presently regain thy health,
When thou art well, I shall be well my self.
Fear not sweet Maid, thou shalt have thy health now;
If to the goddess thou wilt keep thy vow.
"The heavenly powers our sacrifices scorn,
"Unless we faithfully our vows perform.
Yet some do lancing suffer for health's sake,
And some for health do bitter potions take.
But if thou keep thy self from perjury,
Thou shalt preserve thy health, thy faith and me.
Thy former fault may yet a pardon find,
Through ignorance, or forgetfulness of mind.
Thy sickness, and my words admonish thee,
"For know the gods cannot deceiv'd be.
Yet should'st thou scape this sickness, being a Maid,
Being married, thou wilt need *Diana*'s aid.
Having heard my promise she will ask thee
If I the father of thy burthen be.
If thou dost vow, yet she will not believe,
If thou swear'st she knows 'tis but to deceive.
For thee, not for thy self this care *I* take,
And my mind is thus troubled for thy sake.
Let not thy Parents for thy sickness weep;
Or why dost thou in ignorance them keep?
Though to thy Mother thou dost all relate,
Cydippe, thou needst not to blush thereat.
Tell her how *I* did first behold thy eyes,
While thou didst to *Diana* sacrifice,
And at the first sight if thou marked'st me,
I stood and gaz'd with fixed eyes on thee.
And while I wondring stood my cloak off fell
From my shoulder, which passion seem'd to tell:

And

And after that an Apple *I* did fit,
Wherein moſt cunningly theſe words I writ.
Which in *Diana*'s preſence read by thee,
Thou didſt bind thy ſelf then to marry me.
That ſhe the tenour of the words may know,
As thou read'ſt them once, read them to her ſo.
Then ſhe will ſay forthwith, pray marry me
Him, whom the goddeſs hath allotted thee.
Since that *Diana* is pleas'd, chuſe no other,
For the goddeſs will be to thee a mother.
And tell her if ſhe ask thee, who *I* am,
The goddeſs choice can bato thee no ſhame.
In Cæa where *Corycian* Nymphs have,
In Parnaſſus hill an old famous Cave,
I was born, and (if birth be not contemn'd)
From no baſe Parentage I did deſcend.
I have wealth, and my life from ſpot is free,
And there is none whom *I* love more than thee.
Had'ſt thou not ſworn, yet thou need'ſt muſt like
Such a husband, and I ſuch a wife would ſeek.
Diana in a dream bid me to write
Theſe lines, and waking love bid me indite.
And as Lovers arrow now hath wounded me,
Take heed *Diana*'s wound not thee.
At once have pity one me and thy ſelf
At once thou mayſt reſtore us both to health;
Which if thou grant, when the Trumpets proclaim
Diana's ſolemn ſacrifice again.
*I'*le offer a golden Apple, and on it
Theſe two verſes ſhall be moſt fairly writ
Acontius this Apple offer'd to teſtifie.
The gods the words writ in't did ratifie.
Leſt a longer Letter try thee being weak.
I have but one word more to write, or ſpeak.

And in the usual way as all can tell
I will conclude my Letter here; Farewel.

The Argument of the twentieth Epistle.

When Cydippe *understood that offended* Diana *had inflicted this Feaver on her, she condescended to* Acontius *desire against her Parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her sickness. First she answers, that she durst not read his Epistle aloud, lest he should*

be

be deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as she was in reading the lines writ on the Apple. Then amplifying the deceit of that Apple, she invaighs against Acontius.

CYDIPPE *to* ACONTIUS.

IN silence I thy Letter read, for fear
Lest unawares I by the Gods should swear.
I think, again thou would'st have cozened me,
But that I have promised my self to thee.
I read it, lest if I unkind should seem,
Diana should have more offended been.
Though to *Diana I* do incense offer,
Yet she defends that wrong which thou didst proffer.
And if *I* may give credit unto thee,
For thy sake she with sickness visits me.
Unto *Hippolitus* she was not so kind,
For at her hand more favour thou dost find.
A Virgin of a Virgin should take care,
Although *I* have not long to live *I* fear.
I am sick, yet the causes of my grief
Physitians know not, nor can yield relief.
How sick am *I*, while *I* these lines do write,
I scarce can sit within my Bed upright.
I fear lest any but my Nurse should find,
That we by Letters do exchange our mind.
To visitants, while she the dore doth keep,
(To give me time to write) she says *I* sleep.
When this colour the matter cannot hide,
Lest by sleeping so long truth be discri'd.
If some come, who to deny 'tis unfitting,
She gives me then a fained sign by spitting.
Then *I* break off, and lest it should be spi'd,
In my trembling bosome the Letter hide.

When

When they are gone, then I do write again,
Thus in the midst of pains, I take great pain,
Which didst thou deserve, *I* could undertake,
Then thou deserv'st, I'le do more for thy sake.
For thy sake, *I* this sickness do sustain,
And for thy imposture thus punisht am,
And thus my beauty which did please thy sight,
Hath hurt thy self, by yielding thee delight.
If I had appear'd deformed unto thee,
No sickness had procur'd my misery.
Praise is my ruin, and while you both woo me
'Tis my own beauty that doth thus undo me.
And while both will not yield, both will be mine,
You hinder his desire, he hinders thine.
I am like a ship the wind drives amain
To Sea, but strong tides drive it back again.
My marriage day which my Parents would see
Is at hand, but a feaver troubleth me.
And while the thought of marriage doth me mock,
Death even at my door begins to knock?
Which though I am not guilty makes me fear,
Some of the gods with me offended are.
Some think my sickness hath but casual been,
Or the gods would not have me marry him.
And that thou mayst not think fame doth detect thee
For poisoning of my self they do suspect me.
The cause is hid, but yet my grief lies open,
You do contend, but *I* with grief am broken.
Tell me and do not unkindly reject me
What is thy hate, if thy love doth afflict me;
If such thy love be, love thy enemy,
But I intreat thee that thou wouldst spare me.
What hope to obtain my love canst thou cherish,
When thou dost let me by a feaver perish?

If

If to *Diana* thou doſt pray in vain
Why doſt thou boaſt what thou canſt no obtain?
Either thou canſt nor *Diana* pacifie;
If thou canſt, but art unmindful of me:
I would that *I* had *Delos* never known,
At leaſt, at that time had not to it gone.
My ſhip unhappily did ſail that day,
And through the blew ſeas cut her fatal way.
Unluckily out of my houſe I did ſlip,
When I did go aboard my tainted ſhip.
Twice the winds to our ſails contrary were,
Yet now I think on't the winds did ſtand fair;
It was a fair wind that did drive me back.
That my unhappy journey I might ſlack.
Would it had been contrary to my mind,
But 'tis folly to complain 'gainſt the wind.
For famous *Delos I* deſire to ſee,
Me thought my ſhip ſail'd ſlowly under me.
I chid the Oars becauſe that they did ſail,
And we thought they put out too little ſail
Having paſs'd *Tenos* and *Andros*, the white
Cliffes of fair *Delos* came within my ſight.
And to the Iſle I ſaid, why doſt me ſhun?
Doſt ſtil flote in the Sea, 'las thou haſt done!
I landed when the Sun had run his courſe,
And began to unyoke his purple horſe.
Next day when in the Eaſt they harnes'd were,
My mother bid me comb and dreſs my hair,
She gave me Rings, my hair with gold ſhe dreſt
And put on me apparel of the beſt
To the gods of the *Iſland* we did diſpenſe
Our gifts, and offered yellow frankincenſe.
And whſle my Mother bedewing with blood
The ſmoaking Altar, ſacrificing ſtood;

My

My careful Nurse led me another way,
While she, and I through sacred places stray.
We walk about while we admired there
The gifts of Kings and Images there were.
We admir'd *Apollo's* Altar, and the tree
That help'd *Latona* in child delivery.
And all that had in *Delos* famous been,
We saw, and more than yet hath mention'd been.
And here *Acontius* thou dost cast a look
On me, conceiving I might be soon took.
I return'd to *Diana's* Temple that hath
Fair steps, and what place ought to be more safe;
Thou threw'st an Apple for me with this verse,
Which I was ready again to rehearse;
My Nurse took't up, and wondring, wished me
To read it, so I read thy treachery.
When to this word of marriage *I* came,
I felt that both my cheeks did blush for shame.
And when my eyes had serv'd thy turn to read
These lines, *I* looked down, and hung my head.
But yet what glory hast thou got thereby?
To deceive a Maid is no victory.
I stood not with my Axe and buckler there,
As *Penthesilea* did at *Troy* appear.
No gold belt from me thou didst bear away,
Like that was taken from *Hyppolita*
Then why should'st thou rejoyce to have betrayed
By thy deceitful words a harmless Maid;
An Apple deceiv'd *Atalanta* and *Cydippe*:
Thou shalt another *Hippomenes* be:
But if that wanton Boy did thee enflame,
Whose quiver (thou saist) doth Loves shafts contain;
Why didst thou not in honest sort come to me?
And not strive to deceive me, but to wooe me,

Why

Why didſt thou not by words thy worth expreſs,
To gain my love, while thou didſt love profeſs;
Why didſt thou ſeek to compell, not perſwade
My love? by promiſes on thy part made.
What doth my former oath now profit thee?
Though *I* call'd *Diana* it to teſtifie.
It is the mind that ſwears; but my tongue went,
And ſwore this oath without my minds conſent.
"An oath ſhould be took with a knowing mind,
" Therefore a raſh oath hath no power to bind.
If willingly *I* promis'd unto thee
Marriage, thou might'ſt then ſeek it now of me.
But if thoſe words *I* unawares did ſpeak,
Thou ſtand'ſt on words that are but vain and weak.
I did not ſwear, therefore thou canſt not be,
By reading thoſe words a husband unto me.
If ſuch falſe oaths to bind effectual were,
To grow rich in a ſhort time thou need'ſt not fear.
For all the Kings in the world may reſign
Their right unto thee by reading a line,
Thou art greater than *Diana* believe me,
If in thy words ſo great a power there be.
Yet though my oath, and thy love here I ſlight,
And have ſtrongly pleaded, my caſe is right.
Yet *I* confeſs I fear *Diana*'s wrath,
Who now I doubt thus me afflicted hath.
For as often, as I do intend to marry,
I do fall ſick, and ſo am forc'd to tarry.
Thrice *Hymen* now unto my bed-ſide came,
And finding me ſick, he went back again.
And with his tired hand he ſcarce could light
His torch, or make it to burn clear, and bright.
Sometimes with powders he perfumes his hair,
While he his yellow ſaffron-robe doth wear.

But

But when unto my chamber he doth come,
And beholds tears, and weeping, he is gone.
He pluck's the Garland from his shining hair,
And tears the flowers that in it placed were.
Such mourning doth with him so ill agree,
That his blushing cheeks red as his robe be,
While a hot feaver now tormenteth me,
So that I think the bed-cloaths heavy be,
I see my Parents for me weep and rage,
Who am now nearer death than marriage.
O *Diana!* that dost wear thy painted quiver,
Help me now by *Apollos* skill thy brother.
Since he can cure the sick, then why should I
To thy disgrace, without thy help here die?
When thou didst bath thy self I ne're mistaked
Like rash *Acteon* who beheld thee naked.
On thy Altars I have often sacrific'd,
Thy mother was not by my mother despis'd.
This only was my fault, that I had read
A perjur'd verse, and was thereby deceiv'd
Therefore *Acontius* for my sake now bring
To *Diana's* Altar thy own offering.
If that the goddess be offended with me,
Then to be Thine, why doth she hinder me?
For if that she do take away my life,
Thou canst not hope that I should be thy wife.
He that should be my Husband, doth not stand
By my bed, and lift me up with his hand.
He sits indeed on my beds side, but he
Attempts no action of immodesty.
And knows not what to think of me at all,
When without cause tears from my eyes do fall.
He seldom doth to me a kiss impart,
And with a fearful voice calls me Sweet-heart.

I wonder my diſdain he hath not ſpi'd,
For when he comes I turn on my left ſide.
I will not ſpeak, but ſleep *I* counterfeit,
And pull my hand back, when he would take it.
Then does he fetch a deep ſigh, becauſe *I*
Am offended with him, he knows not why.
When as in truth, if *I* ſhould ſpeak my mind,
(Cauſe in my ſufferings thou doſt pleaſure find)
Thou doſt deſerve our anger, who didſt ſet
Thy cunning toyls, to catch me in thy net,
Why doſt thou write thou wouldſt fain viſit me;
Since in thy abſence thou haſt wounded me.
Why thou art called *Acontius*, *I* have found,
'Cauſe like an arrow thou far off doſt wound.
That wound is not yet healed which no dart,
But theſe words *I* read, gave unto my heart.
Why ſhouldſt thou come and here behold me lie
The wretched *Trophy* of thy victory?
For now my bloodleſs colour doth quite fail,
And I am like thy Apple wan and pale.
My white cheeks are not lightly ſtain'd with red,
Like ſpotted marble newly poliſhed.
But like the colour of a ſilver Cup,
When with cold water it is filled up.
If thou ſaweſt me, I ſhould not ſeem the ſame,
As when by Art thou ſought'ſt my love to gain.
My promiſe thou wouldſt willingly remit,
And ask the goddeſs to be freed from it.
And thou wilt ſend me then another line,
That *I* may ſwear that *I* ſhall ne're be thine.
Yet prethee come, ſince thou deſir'ſt the ſame,
And ſee if thou canſt know me now again.
Though (*Acontius*) thy breaſt like Iron be,
Thou would'ſt pray the goddeſs to pardon me.

Yet I would have thee know, we askt *Apollo*,
To regain health what course I ought to follow.
And as fame doth report, he answered, I
Was punish'd for my infidelity.
And thus the gods in Oracle answer'd me,
Who to thy desires favourable be.
Whence comes it, but because these cunning Letters
In the Apple writ make the gods, thy debtors?
Since thou dost rule the gods, thou must rule me,
And therefore willingly I yield to thee.
I told my mother how I had betray'd
My self to thee, at which she was dismay'd.
You must contrive the rest; for *I* have done
Already, I fear, more than doth become
A Virgin, since in this Letter you see,
I freely do unfold my mind to thee.
Now my joynts are weary of enditing,
And my sick hand is tired with long writing.
So hoping that we shall together meet,
My Letter with a farewell doth thee greet,

The

The Argument of the one and twentieth Epiſtle.

PHaon *being ſometimes a* Boatman: Venus *came unto him, and deſired to be carried over the water gratis, which he did, not knowing her to be a Goddeſs, whereupon ſhe gave him a* Box *of Ointment, wherewith anoynting himſelf, he became ſo beautiful, that all the Women in the Iſle* Lesbes *were in love with him, and eſpecially* Sappho *did impatiently affect him.* But when Phaon *went to* Sicily. Sappho *out of the heat of her love, and fear of his diſdain, deſperately*

resolved to throw her self into the Sea, from Lucas *a* Promontory *of* Spire. *But yet unconstant to her first resolve, she endeavours by this Epistle to recal him back, and gain his love of which she formerly despaired, and to win him to dislike of his present estate and manner of life. Lastly, she useth all* Arguments *that might move him to pity. And in this Epistle* Ovid *hath most lively expresst the soft and amorous affection of love.*

SAPPHO *to* PHAON.

SOOn as thou dost behold my studious hand,
Whence the Letter comes dost thou understand?
Or unless in it thou *Sapho's* name read,
Dost thou not know from whence it doth proceed?
Thou may'st wonder why *I* in this verse write
Since I in *Lyrick* numbers do delight.
The weeping Elegy will fitting prove
To sute unto our sad and mournful love.
But in light *Lyrick* verses there appears
No doleful harmony, that may sute tears.
For as a field of corn on fire, whose flame
The Eastern wind doth blow up, and maintain,
Doth burn apace, being fanned by the wind,
Even so the flame of love doth fire my mind.
Though *Phaon* live near *Ætna* far from me,
My flames of love hotter than *Ætna* be.
So that verses to my Harp I cannot set,
A quiet mind doth verses best beget.
The *Dryads* do not help me at this time,
Nor *Lesbian*, nor *Pierian* Muses nine.
I hate *Amythone*, and *Cydnus* White,
And *Athos* is not pleasant in my sight.
And many others that were lov'd of me,
But now *I* have plac'd all my love on thee.

Thy

Thy youthful years to pleasure do invite,
Thy tempting beauty hath betrai'd my sight.
Take a quiver, and thou wilt *Apollo* be;
Take horns, and *Bacchus* will be like to thee.
Phœbus lov'd *Daphne*, *Bacchus Ariadne*,
Yet in the *Lyrick* verse no knowledge had she.
But the Muses dictate unto me smooth rhymes.
So that the world knows my name and lines.
Nor hath *Alceus* for the harp more praise,
Though he by higher subjects gets his Bayes.
"If nature beauty unto me deny
"My wit the want of beauty doth supply,
Though low of stature yet my fame is tall,
And high, for through the world it is known to all.
Though for my beauty I have not known,
Perseus lov'd *Cepheia*, that was known.
White Doves do often pair with spotted Doves,
And the green Parret the black Turle loves.
If thou wilt have a love as fair as thee
Thou must have none, for none so fair can be.
Yet once my face did fair to thee appear,
And that my speech became me, thou did swear.
And thou wouldst kiss me while that I did sing,
(For Lovers do remember every thing)
My kisses, and each part thou didst approve,
But specially when I did write of love;
Then I did please thee with my wanton strain,
With witty words, and with my amorous vain,
But now the maids of *Sicily* do please thee,
Would I might *Lesbes* change for *Sicily*.
But take heed *Megarensia* how you do
Receive this wanderer lest you do it rue.
Lest by his flattering tongue you be betrai'd,
What he says to you, he hath to me said.

O *Venus* help me now in my distress,
Fair goddess, favour now thy Poetess.
Will fortune alwaies be to me unkind?
And will she never change her froward mind?
For I knew sorrow soon, even when that *I*
Was six years old, my father first did die.
The love of a whore my brother o're-came,
On whom he spent his wealth, and lost his fame.
Being grown poor, then unto Sea he went,
To get by Piracy what he had spent.
And because I did blame his courses, he
My honest counsell scorn'd, and hated me.
And as if these griefs were too light for me,
You know that *I* have faulty been with thee.
And of thee at last I must make complaint,
Because that *I* thy company do want,
In thy absence I do not dress my hair,
Nor on my fingers any rings do wear.
A poor and homely weed I do assume,
Arabian myrrhe doth not my hair perfume:
Though I did dress my self for to please thee,
Yet in thy absence why should I dress me?
Nature hath given me a heart so soft,
That love doth with his arrow wound it oft.
For *I* am still in love, and I do see,
That I must alwaies thus in love still be.
For fatal sisters at my birth decreed
To spin my life forth with an amorous thred.
Or else my studies are the cause of it,
Thalia hath given me a wanton wit.
Nor can it in love seem so strange a case,
That I should love thy young effeminate face.
Lest *Aurora* should love thee I was a raid,
And so she had but *Cephalus* her staid:

If

If *Phœbe* ſhould behold thee, ſhe e're long
Would love thee more than her *Endymion*.
And beauteous *Venus* long ago had carried
Thee into heaven in her Ivory Chariot?
But that the goddeſs wiſely did foreſee,
That *Mars* himſelf would fall in love with thee.
Such was thy beauty, and thy comely grace,
For in thy youth thou hadſt a Virgins face.
Return to me, thou ſweeteſt flower of beauty,
For to love thee, I know it is my duty.
I do not here intreat thee to love me.
But that thou wouldſt permit me to love thee.
And while I write, *I* weep even for thy ſake,
And all thoſe blots thou ſeeſt, my tears did make.
Though thou reſolveſt to go, yet modeſty
Might have enforceed thee, to take leave of me:
At thy departure thou didſt not kiſs me,
I fear'd that *I* ſhould forſaken be.
I had no pledges of thy love, for *I*
Have nothing of thine but thy injury.
This only charge I would have given to thee,
That thou wouldſt not be unmindful of me,
I ſwear unto thee, by this love of mine,
And by my goddeſſes the muſes nine.
When they did tell me that thou hadſt took ſhip,
A long time *I* could neither ſpeak, nor weep.
My heart grew cold, my ſilent grief was dumb,
Wanting both tears to vent it ſelf, and tongue.
But when my ſorrows *I* more lively felt,
I tore my hair, my tears began to melt.
So that to weep I preſently begun,
Like Mothers at the burial of a ſon.
My brother laught, and while that he did walk
And ſtrut by me, he thus began to talk.

Alas; why does my loving ſiſter grieve,
Thou haſt no cauſe, thy Daughter is alive.
Thus love and ſhame together ill agree,
For *I* had put off now all modeſty,
And in ſuch manner I abroad did rove,
That the people thereby diſcerned my love.
O *Phaon*, I do dream of thee alwaies,
Dreams make the night more pleaſant than the days,
Dreams make thee preſent though thou abſent art,
But they weak ſhadows of true joyes impart.
Sometimes *I* think that thou imbraceſt me
And ſometimes *I* think that *I* embrace thee.
That thou doſt kiſs me, then I do believe,
With ſuch kiſſes as thou doſt uſe to give.
And ſometimes in my dream to thee *I* ſpeak,
As if my tongue and ſenſes were awake.
I cannot tell the reſt with modeſty,
For methinks I enjoy thy company.
But when the Sun doth riſe and break the day,
I am ſad, becauſe my dreams paſs away.
I'me angry that my fancy is no ſtronger.
And that my pleaſant dream ſhould laſt no longer.
Then to the woods and caves I ſtraight-way hie.
Wherein I enjoy'd thy ſweet company.
As if the woods and caves would comfort me,
Since they witneſſes of our pleaſure be.
Like one were mad, or inchanted I flie,
While my hair doth o're my ſhoulders looſe lie.
Methinks the Moſſie caves do ſeem as fair,
As thoſe which built of coſtly Marble are.
I love the wood, under whoſe leavie ſhade,
We oftentimes have both together laid.
But the wood ſeems unpleaſant unto me,
As if it mourned for thy company.

And

And *I* have often gone unto that place,
Where we have lain together in the graſs;
And laid me down again, and with the ſhowers
Of tears have watered the ſmiling flowers.
The leaveleſs trees to mourn do begin,
And all the ſweet birds have left off to ſing.
Only the Nightingale with mournful ſong
In ſaddeſt notes bewails her former wrong,
She laments thoſe ſad wrongs ſhe did ſuſtain;
Of thy forſaking me I do complain.
If ſhe ſung not, nor I complain'd of thee,
The wood more ſilent than the night would be.
There is a Fountain that's as clear as glaſs,
So that ſome thought a Deity in it was;
O're which a great tree doth extend his boughs,
And ſoft green graſs even round about it growes.
I being weary, by chance I lay down here;
And a *Nayad* which did to me appear,
Standing before me thus to ſpeak began,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt, and art not lov'd again.
To *Leucas* go, if that thou wilt have eaſe,
A promontory that o're-looks the Seas.
Hence *Deucalion* for *Pyrrha*'s love
Did throw himſelf down, and as it did prove,
He had no hurt, but being drenched in
Theſe ſeas, his love to cool did ſtraight begin.
The vertue in this place remains, make haſt,
And from this rock thy ſelf down quickly caſt.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe vaniſh: and my fears
Increaſt, my eyes did over-flow with tears.
Fair Nymph I promiſe thee that I will go
Enrag'd with love unto that rock you ſhow:
Perhaps the light air in her arms will bear me,
I can't be worſe, then why ſhould danger fear me?

O love! with thy wings let me be sustain'd,
Lest for my death *Leucadian* seas be blam'd.
Then unto *Phœbus* I'le my Harp resign,
And underneath it write this double line;
Sappho O *Phœbus* offers unto thee
Her Harp, which thou lovest, and was lov'd by me.
If *Phaon* to return to me would please,
What need *I* go to the *Actaon* Seas?
Thou canst do me more good, thee *I* will follow.
Thy beauty is such thou art my *Apollo*.
Or canst thou harder than a hard Rock be,
And to die in my misery suffer me?
It were far better sure that I should join,
In close embraces, my fair breast with thine;
That breast, O *Phaon*, which thou didst oft praise,
And which did seem so witty many waies.
Now I would fain be eloquent, but while
I strive to write in more elegant Stile
My art doth fail, for grief my wit hath spent;
So that my letter is not eloquent.
My former vein of writing verse is done,
My jocund Harp is now grown mute and dumb.
Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs that marriage do desire,
Ye Nymphs so called from the *Lesbian* Lyre.
Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs whose love advanc'd by fame,
Come not to hear my Harp, or *Lyrick* strain
For that sweet vein I had in former time,
My *Phaon* took away who is not mine.
If you send him back, I should regain it,
He is my *Genius* that doth give me wit.
But why with prayers seek I to perswade?
Can his hard heart with prayers be soft made?
No, it doth grow more stiff, and I do find
That all my words are but like empty wind.

But

But I do wiſh thy winds would bring the back:
Why to return again, art thou ſo ſlack?
I have long lookt for thee, then come away,
Why doſt thou thus torment me with delay?
Weigh but thy Anchor, *Venus* will befriend thee
With a good voyage, and a fair wind lend thee.
Cupid to ſteer thy ſhip too will not fail,
And he will put out, and take in each ſail.
But if thou forſake *Lesbian Sappho*, *I*
Have not deſerv'd of thee ſuch cruelty?
And by this Letter I would have thee know,
That I my ſelf into the Sea will throw.

The

Three reſponſive *Epiſtles* of the Poet *Aulus Sabinus* in anſwer to three of OVID'S *Epiſtles*.

The Argument of *Sabines* firſt Epiſtle.

ULyſſes *having read* Penelopes *Epiſtle, anſwereth to all obiections, and relates his many troubles which he had valiantly endured:* Tyreſias *and* Pallas *having inſtructed him in future events, he pro-*

pheſieth

phesieth unto her that he will come home to Ithaca *in the habit of a beggar. He comes home so disguised, that* Penelopes *wooers supposing him a Beggar offer him many affronts. But his Son* Telemachus *and two servants helping him, he fell upon them, and slew them all. At last his Son* Telegonus, *whom he had by* Circe, *slew him with a poysoned Arrow.*

ULYSSES *to* PENELOPE.

UNfortunate *Ulysses* hath from thee,
Receiv'd thy Letter dear *Penelope*;
The sight of thy hand and seal, were to me
A kind of comfort in my misery.
Thou dost accuse me, that I am too slack
In returning and coming to thee back.
I had rather thou shouldst esteem me slow,
Than that I should let thee my troubles know.
Greece knew my love unto thee, when I had
For thy love counterfeited my self mad.
For such was then the force of my affection,
That I did counterfeit a fain'd distraction,
Thou wouldst not have me write, but come away;
I make haste, but cross winds do make me stay.
Troy with the *Grecian* Maids hate, is defac'd,
I am not there, for *Troy* is burnt and raz'd.
Deiphobus, *Asius*, *Hector*, all slain are,
And all the rest of whom thou standst in fear.
I scapt the *Thracian* bands when I had slain
Rhesus, and to my Tents return'd again.
And besides out of *Pallas* Temple I
Did take the fatal palm of victory.
I was in the Horse when *Cassandra* cry'd,
Trojans burn the Horse, yet not terrifi'd.

Burn

Burn it; for in this wooden horſe, quoth ſhe,
The cunning *Grecians* here incloſed be;
Therefore if you do not this horſe deſtroy,
It ſhall be the deſtruction of *Troy*.
Achilles rites of ſepulture did lack,
Till I brought him to *Thetis* on my back,
The *Grecians* did my labour ſo regard,
I had *Achilles* armour for reward.
Yet *I* have loſt all, for the ſea hath ſwallow'd
My ſhips, and all the company me follow'd,
Only that conſtant love I owe to thee,
Continues with me in adverſity.
Scylla and *Charybdis* could not caſt away
My love to thee, which ſtill doth with me ſtay.
Spight of *Antiphates* my love endur'd,
And though the cunning Syrens me allur'd.
And *Circe*, not *Calypſo* could not charm me,
Thy love againſt their Sorceries did arm me.
Both promis'd that they could immortal make
Me, that I ſhould not fear the Stygian Lake.
For thy ſake *I* their offer did withſtand,
And have ſuffer'd ſo much by Sea and Land.
Perhaps when thou theſe womens names doſt find
In my Letter, it will trouble thy mind.
And of *Circe* and *Calypſo* to hear,
Perhaps thou wilt be ſtruck into a fear.
When *I* in thy letter *Anconus* read,
Polybus and *Medon*, they my fear bred.
Since thou ſo many youthful Suiters haſt,
How could I think that thou remaineſt chaſt.
Could they delight in thy tear blubber'd face?
Do not thy tears thy beauty yet debaſe?
And it ſeems thou haſt given conſent to marry,
But thy unthriving web doth make them tarry.

For

For that which thou hast in the day time spun,
Thou unweav'st at night, so 'tis never done.
Thy art is good which doth successful prove,
To delude their purpose, delay their love.
O *Polyphemus*; *I* do wish that *I*
Had dy'd in my Cave free from misery.
Would I had been by the *Thracians* slain,
When my ships unto *Imarus* first came.
Would cruel *Pluto* then had satisfied
His wrath on me, I would that *I* had dy'd,
When *I* descended to the Stygian Lake,
From thence in safety *I* returned back.
For though in thy Letters no dread appear,
I saw my brothers thin ghost walking there.
She told me how at home all matters be,
And to shun my imbraces thrice fled me.
I saw *Protesilaus*, who fate-contemning,
With his death gave the *Trojan* wars beginning.
And his wife *Laodamia*, who did dye
That she might bear her husband company.
I saw *Agamemnon* whose wounds bleeding were;
So that the sight made me let fall a tear.
He had no hurt at *Troy*, and also past
The *Eubœan* Promontory, yet at last
Having a thousand wounds given him, he dies
Even then when he to *Jove* did sacrifice.
Thus *Helena* the *Grecians* ruin bred,
While she to *Troy* a stranger followed.
Besides, what profit was it unto me,
Cassandra were captives and *Andromache*?
I could have chosen *Hecuba* for my wife,
Think not that with a whore I spend my life.
For I brought *Hecuba* aboard my ship,
But she out of her former shape did slip.

For

For into a Bitch ſhe was ſtraight transform'd,
And her complaints were into barking turn'd,
Thetis grew angry at theſe Prodegies,
And enrag'd, *Æolus* made a ſtorm to riſe:
So that with wind and waves our ſhips did ſtrive:
Which tempeſt round about the world did drive.
But if *Tyreſias* truly foretold me
A proſperous fate after adverſity;
Having endur'd ſo much by land and ſea,
I hope my fortunes will more kinder be.
Now *Pallas* doth protect us from all dangers,
And guide us in our journey amongſt ſtrangers;
Since Troys deſtruction I have *Pallas* ſeen
Of late ſo that her danger ſpent doth ſeem,
And whatſoever *Ajax* did commit,
The Grecians now are puniſht for it.
Nor was *Tydides* too excus'd from danger,
For he like us about the world doth wander
Nor *Teucer* that from *Telamon* firſt ſprung,
Nor he that with a thouſand ſhips did come.
Menelaus was happy, for having got
His wife, he need fear no unhappy lot.
Though the winds or ſeas did your journey ſtay,
Your love was not hindred by that delay.
The winds nor wave, did not hinder your bliſs,
But when you liſt you could imbrace and kiſs.
And had *I* ſo enjoy'd thy company,
No evil chance could then betide to me.
But ſince *Telemachus* is well I hear
My preſent troubles I more lightly bear.
I blame thy love in ſending him to ſea,
Through *Sparte*, and in *Pylon* to ſeek me.
I needs muſt blame thy love in doing it,
While to the Sea thou didſt my Son commit.

But fortune may at last yet prove my friend,
And all my troubles may have a fair end.
A prophet told me, dear wife, we should meet,
And with imbraces should each other greet.
But *I* will come disguised, so to be known
Unto no other but thy self alone.
In a beggars habit I'le desguised be,
Conceal thy joy, and knowledge then of me.
I'le shew no outward violence when I come,
For so *Apollo*'s Priest unto me sung.
But I'le revenge my self even at that time
When thy wooers are banqueting with wine.
While beggars rayment doth *Ulysses* cover;
And then at last my self I will discover.
While at *Ulysses* they shall all admire;
That this day would come soon I do desire.
That we may both dear wife, renew our love;
And *I* to thee may a kind husband prove.

The

The Argument of *Sabines* ſecond Epiſtle.

DEmophoon *in this Epiſtle endeavours by divers Arguments to excuſe his unfaithful neglect of returning to* Phyllis *according to his promiſe: Alledging that his friends were offended with him for ſtaying ſo long with her in* Thrace, *and alſo the importune unſeaſonableneſs of the weather for ſailing, promiſing howſoever at length to return to* Phyllis. *He performed his promiſe, but* Phyllis

impatient of delay, had strangled her self before he came, and by the mercy of the gods was changed into a leafless Almond-tree, which Demophoon *embracing, it put forth leaves as if it had been sensible of his return. Which is fain'd, because* Phyllis *signifies in Greek an Almond-tree so expressing the name of* Phyllis. *Because when* Zephyrus *or the west wind bloweth from* Africa *into* Thrace, *this Tree flourisheth, for* Zephyrus *signifies as much as* ζωηφόρος, *that is,* The Life cherisher, *which gave occasion to this fiction, that* Phyllis *transformed into a Tree, seemed to rejoyce and flourish, at the return of her Lover.*

DEMOPHOON *to* PHYLLIS.

FRom his own Country to *Phyllis* his friend,
Demophoon doth this his Letter send.
Even thy *Demophoon* that doth still love thee,
My fortunes chang'd, but not my constancy.
Theseus whose name thou hast no cause to fear,
Thy flame of love for his sake worthy were.
Menestheus drove out of his royal state,
And the old Traytor is now dead of late.
He that the *Amazons* had overcome,
And unto *Hercules* was companion.
He that did *Minos* son-in-law become,
When he the *Minotaur* had overthrown.
He did excuse me because I did stay,
Trifling so long with thee in *Thracia*:
For while the love of *Phyllis* did detain thee.
And that a forraign beauty did enflame thee.
Time with a nimble pace did slip away;
And sad accidents hapned by thy delay
Which had been all prevented, hadst thou come,
Or hadst thou made them void, when they were done.
When thou didst *Phyllis* Kingdom love, for she
Than a whole Kingdom was dearer to thee.

From

From *Athamas* I this ſame chiding have,
And old *Ethra* who's half within her grave.
Since *Theſeus* is not there to cloſe their eyes,
The fault on me for ſtaying with thee lies.
I confeſs they both to me often cry'd,
When my Ship did in *Thracian* waters ride.
The winds ſtand fair *Demophoon*, why doſt ſtay?
Go home *Demophoon* without delay.
From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
She loves thee, yet her home ſhe'l not forſake.
She deſires not to bear thee company,
But to return again entreateth thee.
I with a ſilent patience heard them chide,
But their deſire I in my thoughts deny'd.
I thought I could not imbrace thee enough,
And *I* was glad to ſee the Sea grow rough.
Before my Father *I* will this confeſs,
"He that loves worthily may it profeſs.
For ſince ſuch ſtore of worth remains in thee,
If *I* do love thee it no ſhame can be.
And I do know that *Phyllis* cannot ſay,
I prov'd unkind, when *I* did ſail away.
For when the day came that *I* muſt take ſhip,
I wept, and comforted thee who didſt weep.
Thou didſt grant me a Ship of *Thracia*,
While *Phyllis* love made me the time delay.
Beſides my Father *Theſeus* doth retain
Ariadnes love and cheriſhes that flame;
When he looks towards heaven many times,
See how my love (ſaith he) in heaven ſhines.
Though *Bacchus* to forſake her did commend him
The world for forſaking her, hath blam'd him.
So am *I* perjur'd thought for my delay,
Though *Phyllis* know not the cauſe of my ſtay.

This may assure thee *I* will come again,
Because my breast doth burn with no new flame.
Phyllis, hath not report to thee made known,
What dismal troubles are sproung up at home;
Since for my fathers death I a mourner am
Whose death includes more grief than *I* can name.
My brother *Hypolitus* deserves a tear.
Whom his own horses did in pieces tear;
These fatal causes might excuse my stay,
Yet after a while *I* will come away.
I will but lay my Father in the grave,
For 'tis fit he should worthy burial have.
Grant me but time and *I* will constant be,
Thy Country yields most safety unto me.
To those that since the fall of *Troy* did wander
By land and sea, and past through much danger,
Thrace hath been kind, and *I* unto this Land
By tempest drove, was kindly entertain'd.
If that thy love to me remain the same
Who in my royal Palace now do raign:
And art not angry with my parents fate,
Or with *Demophoon* most unfortunate.
Suppose that unto me thou hadst been married,
When at the siege of *Troy* ten years I tarried.
Penelope through all the world is fam'd
Because that she her chastity maintain'd.
For she with witty Art, did alwayes weave
An unthriving web, suiters to deceive.
For she by night did it in pieces pull,
Resolving the untwisted threds to wool.
Dost fear the *Thracians* will not marry thee,
Or wilt thou marry any one but me?
Hast thou a heart with any one to joyn
Thy hand unless thy hand do joyn with mine?

How

How wilt thou bluſh then, and how wilt thou grieve,
When a far off thou ſhalt my ſails perceive;
Thou wilt condemn thy ſelf, and ſay alas;
I ſee *Demophoon* moſt faithful was.
Demophoon is return'd, and for my ſake,
A dangerous voyage he by ſea did make.
I that for breach of faith him raſhly blamed,
Have b-oke my faith, while *I* of him complained.
But *Phyllis* I had rather thou ſhouldſt marry,
Than that thou ſhouldſt ſome other way miſcarry.
Why doſt thou threaten thou wilt make away
Thy ſelf? the gods may hear when thou doſt pray.
Though thou doſt blame me for inconſtancy,
Add not affliction to my miſery.
Though *Theſeus Ariadne* did forſake,
Where the wild beaſts a prey of her did make;
Yet my deſert hath not been ſuch that I
Should be accuſed of inconſtancy,
This Letter may the winds without all fail
Bring ſafe to thee, which us'd to drive my ſail.
Perſwade thy ſelf, I fain would come away,
But that I have juſt cauſe a while to ſtay.

The Argument of *Sabines* third Epistle.

THis responsive Epistle written by Paris *is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of* Oenones *Epistle.* Paris *having violated the rites of marriage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying* Helena *first confesses to* Oenone *the injury he had done her. Afterward excusing himself, he transferreth the blame on* Cupid, *whose power Lovers cannot resist, and on the fates who had destinated* Helena *to him unknown. But 'tis reported that* Oenone *did love*

Paris

Paris *ſo dearly that he being brought to her wounded by* Philoctetes *with one of* Hercules *arrows, ſhe embraced his body, and embalming it with tears dyed over him, and ſo they were both buried in* Cebria *a* Trojan *City.*

PARIS *to* OENONE.

NYmph, I confeſs that *I* fit words do want;
To write an anſwer to thy juſt complaint.
I ſeek for words, but yet I cannot find,
Words, that may aptly ſute unto my mind.
I confeſs againſt thee I have offended,
Yet *Helens* love makes me I cannot mend it.
I'le condemn my ſelf, but what doth it avail;
The power of love makes a bad cauſe prevail.
For though thou ſhou'd'ſt condemn me, and my cauſe,
Yet *Cupid* means to try me by his laws.
And if by his laws we will judged be,
It ſeems another hath more right to me.
Thou wert my firſt love I confeſs in truth,
And I marri'd thee in my flower of youth.
Of my father *Priam* I was not proud,
As thou doſt write, but unto thee I bow'd.
I did not think *Hector* ſhould prove my brother,
When thee and *I* did keep our flocks together.
I knew not my mother Queen, *Hecube*,
Whoſe Daughter thou moſt worthy art to be,
But love, I ſee, is not guided by reaſon,
Conſider with thy ſelf at this ſame ſeaſon;
For thou complain'ſt that I have wronged thee,
And yet thou writeſt that thou loveſt me.
And though the *Satyrs* and the *Fawns* do move thee,
Yet thou remaineſt conſtant ſtill unto me.

Beſides

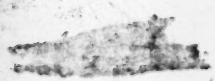
Beſides, this love is fatal unto me,
My Siſter *Caſſandra* did it forſee;
Before that *I* had heard of *Helens* name,
Whoſe beauty through all *Greece* was known by fame.
I have told all unleſs it be that wound
Of love, which I have by her beauty found.
Nay thoſe wounds *I* will open, and from you
To gain ſome help, I will both beg and ſue.
My life and death are both within thy hand,
You have conquer'd me, *I*'m at your command.
Yet *I* remember that when you heard me,
Relate to you her diſmal propheſie.
While I did tell thee, thou dideſt weep upon me,
Wiſhing the gods would turn that ſad fate on me;
That thou might'ſt have no cauſe to accuſe
When that *Oenone* doth *Paris* loſe.
Love blinded me, that *I* could not believe thee,
And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.
Love powerful is, and when he liſt can turn
Jove to a bull, or to a Bird transform.
Such beauty all the world ſhould not contain
As *Helen*, who is born to be my flame:
Since *Jupiter* to diſguiſe his looſe ſcape
Did transform himſelf unto a Swans ſhape;
And *Jove* alſo deſcended from his Tower,
To court fair *Danae* in a golden ſhower.
Sometimes himſelf he to an Eagle turn'd,
And ſometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.
And who would think that *Hercules* would ſpin,
Yet love of *Dcianira* compell'd him.
And he wore her light Petticoat 'tis ſaid,
While his love with his Lyons skin was clad.
So I remember love compelled thee,
(The more's my fault) tha thou preferred'ſt me,

Before

Before *Apollo*'s love, and from him fled,
Becauſe thou would'ſt poſſeſs my marriage bed.
Yet I excell'd not *Phœbus*, but the dart
Of Love did ſo inforce thy gentle heart.
Yet this may unto thee ſome comfort prove,
That ſhe is no baſe Harlot whom I love.
For ſhe whom I before thee do prefer,
By birth is deſcerded form *Jupiter*.
Yet her birth doth not inamour'd make me,
But 'tis her matchleſs beauty that doth take me.
O my *Oenone*! I do wiſh it ſtill,
I had not been on the *Idean* Hill
A judge of beauty, *Pallas* now doth grudge,
And *Juno*, becauſe againſt them I did judge.
And becauſe *I* did lovely *Venus* praiſe,
And for her beauty gave to her the Bayes.
She that can raiſe loves flame up in another,
She that rules *Cupid*, and his own Mother.
Yet ſhe could not avoid her own Sons ſhaft
And Bow, wherewith he wounded others oft.
For Vulcan took fair *Venus* cloſe in bed
With *Mars*, which by the gods was witneſſed.
And *Mars* again ſhe afterward forſook,
And for her *Paramour Anchiſes* took:
For with *Anchiſes* ſhe in love would be,
And did revenge his ſloath in Venery.
If *Venus* thus did in affection rove,
Why may not ſhe make *Paris* charge his love?
Menelaus with her fair face was took,
I lov'd her, before on her *I* did look:
Though wars enſue if I do her enjoy,
And a thouſand ſhips fetch her back from *Troy*;
I do not fear, the war is juſt and right,
If all the world ſhould for her beauty fight

Though

Although the armed *Grecians* ready be
To fetch her back I'le keep her here with me.
If thou hast any hope to change my mind,
To use thy charms why art thou not inclin'd?
Since in *Apollo*'s Arts thou art well seen,
And to *Hecates* skill hast used been.
Thou canst cloud the day, and stars shining clear,
And make the Moon forsake her silver sphere;
And by thy charms, while I did Oxen keep,
Fierce Lyons gently walk't among the sheep.
Thou didst make *Xanthus*, and *Simois* flow
Unto their springs, and back again to go.
And charm'dst other Rivers, when thou didst see,
They thirsted after thy Virginity.
Oenone, let thy charms effectual prove,
To change my affection, or quench thy love.



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